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## *From Publisher—To You*

*WE print in this issue the reports from Houston by our special correspondents, Mr. Merritt and Mr. Pringle, and on another page our ideas on Governor Smith as the Democratic nominee.*

*TO our mind, the Convention itself was productive of at least two excellent illustrations of, first, How to Do It, and, second, How Not to Do It. We refer to Claude Bowers's keynote tirade and Franklin Roosevelt's speech placing Governor Smith in nomination.*

*IF any one thing, in our estimation, could hurt the Democrats' chances of election, it would be Mr. Bowers's so-called denunciation—with its clumsy attempts to drag in Hamilton and Jefferson at every opportunity. Granting the fundamental truth in many of his statements, we still wish Mr. Bowers had forgotten his book before he attempted to make the Democratic keynote his epilogue.*

*WHEN we finished reading it, we were reminded of a deathless poem which a bucolic friend of ours once wrote commemorating other events. After banging the customary cymbals and drums, he wrote:*

*Fling out the banner far,*
*But not too far, b'Gee,*
*For if you flung it out too far,*
*Where would the banner be?*

*That's the way Mr. Bowers's effort struck us.*

*NOT so with Mr. Roosevelt. Friend and foe alike, we think, will agree that few finer tributes have ever been paid any public man than the former Secretary of the Navy's sincere and moving characterization of New York's Governor. A man who can command support of this character, be he Republican or Democrat, is fortunate in his friends and deserves well of his countrymen.*

*IF Mr. Roosevelt's picture of the Democratic nominee is not an idealization, the country cannot lose, no matter which party wins.*

Francis Rufus Bellamy



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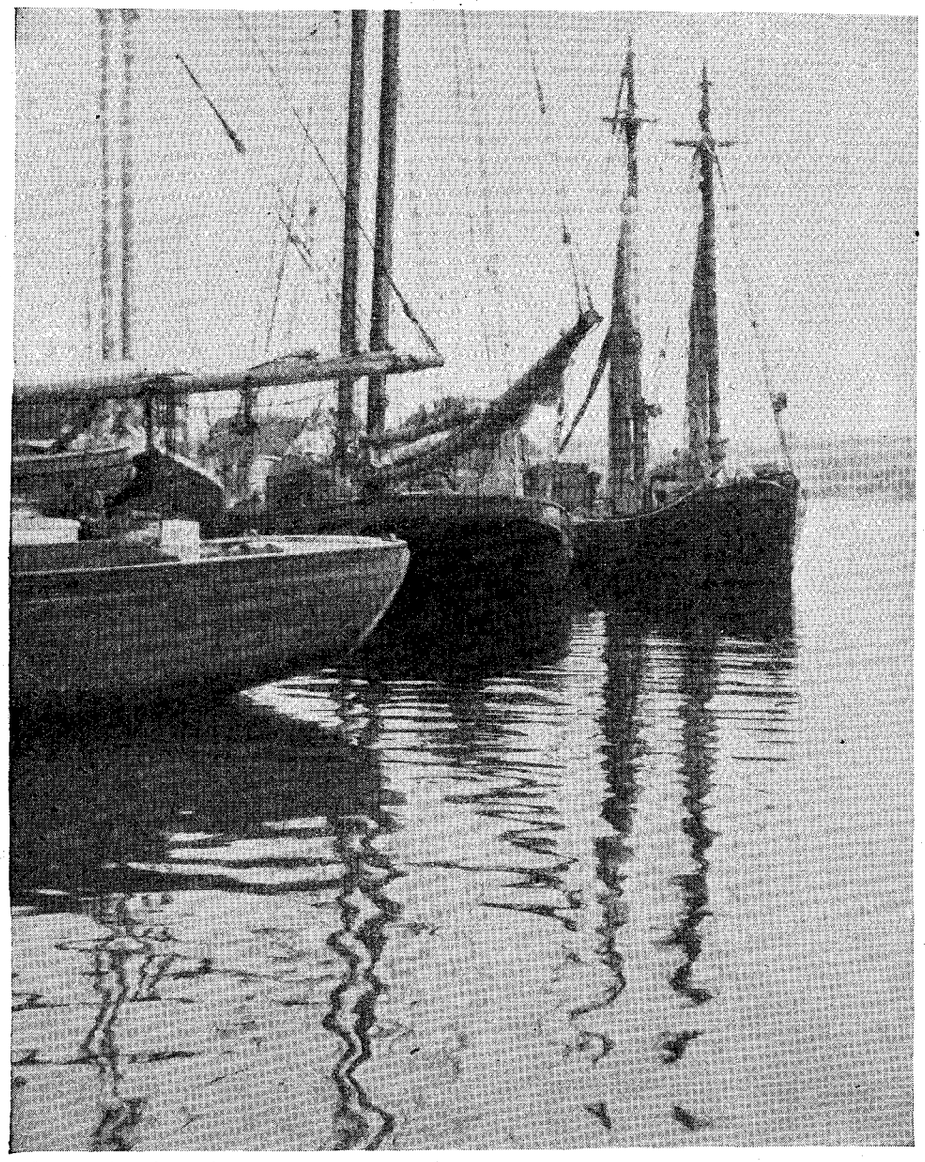

Underwood & Underwood

**FISHING SMACKS AT REST, GLOUCESTER HARBOR, MASSACHUSETTS**

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# The Outlook

July 11, 1928

# The World This Week

### *Smith Speaks Out*

ELSEWHERE in this issue, Henry F. Pringle quotes substantially Governor Smith's declaration for "fundamental changes in the present provisions for National prohibition." It seems to have caused quite a commotion, but the entire effect will not be observable before November.

In the meantime he has given the wets a spokesman, the drys an avowed villain, and the whole country the promise of an out-in-the-open discussion of a hitherto sacrosanct subject.

Dry leaders, watching at Houston, were incensed at what they regarded as Smith's apostasy. The prohibition plank in the Democratic platform had been beveled and trimmed, and had received the approval of Bishop Cannon, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, ardent defender of the Eighteenth Amendment. Then came the bad news from Albany.

Deeply regretting "that the pro-liquor wing of the party, led by Tammany Hall, has disregarded all warnings and has challenged, indeed defied, the dry Democracy of the South," the Bishop and associates called upon dry Democrats of the South to meet in Asheville, North Carolina, July 18, and organize for the election of dry Senators, Congressmen, and State officials and simultaneously for the defeat of "the wet, Tammany candidate for President."

One of the first dry Democrats to comment on this call for a bolt was Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Daniels said he would not take part in any such rump session, except as a reporter for his paper.

"I can't change the dry, and I can't change my Democracy, even though Governor Smith's statement makes it somewhat difficult for a dry Democrat to accept his assumption of leadership for modification of the Prohibition Law," he said.

"Those people that think Congress has the power to change the content and permit the sale of anything that has a kick in it have never read the Supreme Court decision. The only way in which an appreciable change can be made to give more alcoholic content is to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

"That will be done when the Amendment against human slavery is repealed.

"Therefore, I shall support the Democratic ticket, confident that no opinion of Smith or Hoover, one or both of them, can secure the repeal of what Wilson called 'a great salutary reform.' "

Wets and friends of the Governor regarded his action as both shrewd and brave; shrewd in its reference to temperance and the saloon, brave in its stand on a controversy that has torn his party.

### *Mr. Hoover's Plans*

WHATEVER Governor Smith may do as a campaigner, Mr. Hoover, it has been announced, does not expect to make stump speeches. After his speech of acceptance, which will be delivered at his home beside Stanford University in California, Mr. Hoover will make about a half a dozen speeches of importance. Whatever he has to say directly to the voters besides these speeches he will say over the radio. His opponents, anticipating this method of campaigning on his part, have already called him a shadow candidate, visible only on the moving-picture screen and audible only through the microphone. This method of campaigning, however, has certain advantages. It should cut down traveling expenses and the cost of many circulars. It reaches individuals directly without effort on their part. And it puts on an equality with a man who has nothing but bombast a man who has something to say. Mr. Hoover, who lacks all of the gifts of the orator, thus finds a very practical aid in science.

Though he has a great appetite for work, Mr. Hoover cannot be expected to add to the labors of the Secretary of Commerce those of a Presidential candidate. The date of his resignation from his Cabinet post—probably about the middle of July—has not been officially announced up to the time of this writing. On his trip West, which may begin before the date of this issue, Mr. Hoover is expected to pay a visit to the President at his summer home in Wisconsin, and will go to California by way of Omaha, Cheyenne, Ogden, Reno, Sacramento, Oakland, and San Francisco.

Meantime Mr. Hoover has been in consultation with various Republicans. Among them has been Governor Hammill, of Iowa, one of the organizers of that "Corn Belt Committee" that was the center of propaganda for the McNary-Haugen Bill. Iowa, Governor Hammill is reported to have told Mr. Hoover, will give the usual support to the Republican ticket.

### *Legitimate Fears*

THE election of a wet President would be both a real and an apparent threat to prohibition; and, as usual, none are more keenly aware of that fact than the able lobbyists of such organizations as the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals.

Mr. Clarence True Wilson and Mr. Deets Pickett of the Methodist Board have just pointed out in their weekly clip-sheet where the danger lies. It is



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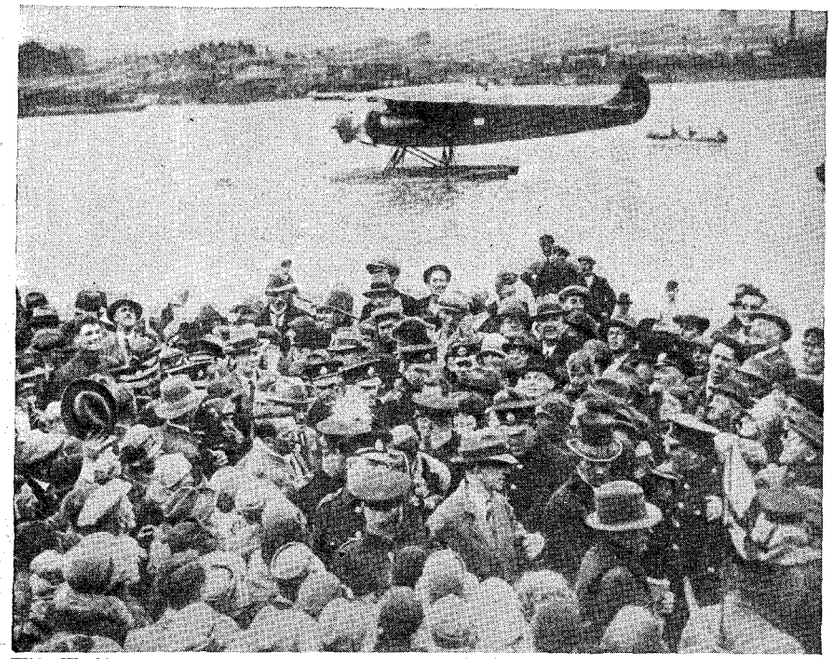

Wide World

**POLICE PROTECTION FOR THE CREW OF THE FRIENDSHIP**

**Amelia Earhart and her fellow-flyers being escorted through the crowd that greeted them on their arrival at Southampton, England**

not so much the executive as the appointive power of the President that they fear; specifically, his power to change the personnel of the Supreme Court of the United States and thereby, it might be, obtain a line of decisions that would nullify previous interpretations of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

"As the organized friends of the liquor interests indicate," says the Methodist clip-sheet, "a wet President could appoint to the next vacancies on the Supreme Court jurists who could undo the strong support given to the Eighteenth Amendment by the Court in the past eight years. Whether prohibition will stay depends in large measure on the interpretation of the courts.

"It is almost literally true to say that every wet argument against prohibition has been answered by the Supreme Court, as constituted at present, in its decisions; and if the public were not so ignorant of this the wet propaganda would not get so far. Many decisions have been by a vote of five to four, a very narrow margin.

"Justices of this Court have been appointed for life, and many retire at the age of seventy. It is to be expected there will be vacancies on that high bench in the next Administration.

"That is one reason why the wets desire to elect the next President; they want a man whose views are all against prohibition, who favors liquor."

This same idea, it appears from the clip-sheet, has occurred to officers of the Association Against Prohibition.

### *In the Bible Belt*

Two newspaper correspondents attending the Democratic Convention were anxious to look up the reference of Claude Bowers, the keynote orator, to the children of Israel. So they searched for the Gideon Bible in their room at the Hotel Rice, and found that there was none.

"We want a Bible," one telephoned down to the clerk at the desk. But after several minutes had passed there was no Bible forthcoming, and so they called again. This time a puzzled bell-boy appeared.

"A Bible?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes," said the correspondent, "we want to look up a reference." Still puzzled, the bell-boy disappeared, and finally dug up a rather ancient Testament. We offer the story for what it is worth; a bit of local color from the Bible Belt.

### *Lady Wets*

FEMININE crusaders for a bone-dry plank in the Democratic platform were not the only ladies at Houston whose chief interest was prohibition. While the temperance workers were holding prayer-meetings and denouncing Governor Smith their opponents were issuing statements or attending sessions of the Committee on Resolutions.

Among the organizations represented was the National Woman's Committee for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. A group of Missouri women declared, through Mrs. Emilie M. Sweeney, of St. Louis, their chairman, that the Volstead Act "has proven a failure, induced many to drink to excess, and has increased crime and lawlessness."

It is interesting to recall that several of the woman leaders at Kansas City were also dubious about the efficacy of prohibition. Miss Sarah Schuyler Butler, daughter of the President of Columbia University, for example, has expressed her opposition and Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, National Committeewoman from New York, was the author of a recent article in The Outlook in which she told of changing her mind on prohibition. Both were among the influential women leaders at the Republican Convention.

### *Young Dan Moody, of Texas*

RED-HEADED and youthful, Governor Dan Moody, of Texas, was one of the personages at the Democratic Convention who aroused great interest. His appearance on the floor or on the platform inevitably brought applause, for he is, probably more than any other Texan, Nationally known. As Attorney-General of the State he had done valiant battle against the Klan. Two years ago he vanquished "Ma" and "Jim" Ferguson, became Governor of the Lone Star State, and was a romantic and powerful figure. Few young men in public life have faced so great an opportunity.

Visitors to the National Convention expected to find Houstonians as proud of Dan Moody as they are, for instance, of their $20,000,000 ship canal. And they were mildly surprised to find that he is being criticised on all sides, is accused of having become snarled up in petty factional political fights, and is declared to have been found wanting both in determination and in political good sense. He is undoubtedly less of a figure in Texas today than when he began his term as Governor.

Moody's difficulties, to sum up the situation without going into the local complexities, are due to the fact that, officially, Texas had to be hostile toward Smith. Actually, of course, many members of the delegation were exceedingly friendly to him. Moody, expected to bring harmony to the delegation, aroused its wrath by openly attacking Smith. Not content with this, he became the champion of the bone-drys.

His rôles were, naturally enough, thankless ones. But he seems to have made them worse by inability to make



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up his mind regarding his final position. It is now being said of Moody, in Texas, that he changes his opinions too frequently, that he misleads his friends, that he is not a leader.

### *Born an Indian, Baptized a Catholic*

SUSPICIOUS Ku Kluxers may see the hand of Rome not only in the Democratic but in the Republican ticket. It now turns out that Charles Curtis, Vice-Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket, was baptized by a Jesuit. It was when he was an infant that he was taken to the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church at St. Mary's, Kansas. His mother had attended St. Mary's Convent. Her mother was the daughter of an Indian chieftain and granddaughter of Pawhuska, chief of the Osage tribe. When he was three years old, his mother having died, the boy was taken by his grandmother, then the wife of a French-Canadian trapper. Mr. Hoover's teammate is thus of Indian ancestry and partly of Indian training, and is still a member of the Kaw tribe. Though baptized as a Catholic, he is now a member of the Methodist Church. It was only a few years ago that Mr. Curtis himself learned of his Catholic baptism.

### *Fertilizer from Air and Water*

SYNTHETIC nitrogen, according to the noted scientist Dr. F. G. Cottrell, who is in charge of fertilizer and fixed-nitrogen research for the United States Department of Agriculture, is at last reaching a stage where it is able to dominate the famous Chile fertilizer of the desert, setting the market price of the product.

Air is the source of synthetic nitrogen, for air contains a major portion of nitrogen. Germany, it will be recalled, obtained her war explosives synthetically, thus rendering herself independent of the previously imported supply. The first method employed in the fixation of nitrogen (changing it from a gaseous to a more tangible, solid form easily available to plants) was operated by means of the electric arc, but this demanded such an immense amount of electric power that it was practicable only in Norway, where power is all but free. Subsequently the electric-arc process has mainly given way to the so-called "direct synthetic method," in which the hydrogen (obtained from water) and the nitrogen (from the air) are caused to combine chemically by means of a third substance called a catalyst which remains unaltered, uniting the gases to form the much-desired ammonia base for fertilizers merely by its benign presence. To pry the hydrogen atoms of water away from the oxygen atoms still requires power, but the modern process is sufficiently economical to have drawn gradually even with the Chilean production cost.

The latest threat to the natural product now comes from coal, which also contains the nitrogen and hydrogen needed to make fertilizer.

All three materials, Dr. Cottrell points out, are cheap—air, water, coal.

(C) Keystone

**A TRIUMPHANT RETURN**

**The east-to-west flyers, Fitzmaurice, Koehl, and Huenefeld, enter the Brandenburger Gate, Berlin, on their return to Germany**

### *Australia Borrows a Beneficent Pest*

WITHOUT a single evil intention, America sent Australia the prickly pear, which has already spread over 60,000,000 acres there, and now she is following up with a palliative in the form of insects that need no training to injure the same pest.

When any animal or plant temporarily escapes from its natural enemies, the balance of nature is upset and a prodigal increase quickly results. We know what resulted, for example, when the gypsy moth, the Japanese beetle, and the cottony cushion scale were introduced, free from enemies, into the United States; they ran rampant. In America the native prickly pear has its quota of natural enemies holding it in check like any established form of life; seventy kinds of insects feed on it. Seven years ago Australia organized a Prickly Pear Board, and its work, starting slowly, has now reached a stage permitting preliminary publication of results thus far realized.

We learn that Australian experts have been in our land for some time, finding out which are the most effective enemies of the pear pest, cultivating those insects, and shipping them in large consignments to the antipodes. There they are acclimatized and liberated, and their spread is rapid when freed, like the pear itself, from their own natural enemies. Most effective is the red spider, which commences the destruction, and the cochineal insect, which pushes it to a point where the spiny plant becomes sickly and ceases to thrive. As a result of this work, it is said that the annual million-acre spread of the prickly pear in Australia has already come to a stop, and there is now every expectation that the lost areas will be reclaimed for agricultural purposes.

When it comes to matters involving science, there are no nations; science is already flagless.

### *Sinews of War*

WHILE the Democratic army was still mobilizing at Houston, Republican headquarters were preparing to get ammunition for the political war that is to be waged during the coming summer and fall. Indeed, before the Democrats had selected their second in command, Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, announced that it appeared that plenty of money was to be available. The Republican Committee, he said, would not spend as much as in former campaigns, for, he added, "the two candidates we have are real assets, and therefore are worth more



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than spending money. He expects to run the campaign "at cost."

When Dr. Work made his announcement about the campaign funds, he was about to go to Brule, Wisconsin, to deliver to President Coolidge his resignation as Secretary of the Interior.

### *Alabama Ends Convict Leasing*

ALABAMA has finally put an end to her convict lease system. The last of the convicts to work in mines and lumber camps have been taken over by the State. They will be assigned to road work under State supervision. The credit for the final abolition of the system of convict leasing belongs to Governor Graves.

Although the lash is still permissible under Alabama law, it may be applied only in such emergencies as a mutiny. There is no record of its use during the past year. Under the present administration of the convict system of Alabama, men and women are now entirely segregated and youthful offenders kept apart from habitual and incorrigible criminals. Governor Graves has also taken a strong stand against the abuse of executive clemency, a practice which brought forth serious criticism under the previous administration.

### *Dry, but Not Very*

BY a narrow margin (about four out of a hundred) the voters of North Dakota have rejected the proposed repeal of the prohibition provision in the State Constitution.

Of the three Congressional districts in the State, however, two seem to have been carried for repeal.

Prohibition in North Dakota antedates by about thirty years the National Prohibition Amendment; but there has always been a large element, especially in the towns and among voters of Scandinavian or German origin, opposed to the bone-dry policy.

In the same election the Senatorial candidate of the Non-Partisan League, once all-powerful in the State, won the Republican nomination, but its gubernatorial candidate was defeated.

### *Poincaré Wins Again*

THE scheme to fix the value of the French franc at 65.5 milligrammes of gold—a little less than four cents—secured overwhelming support in both chambers of Parliament and has become a law signed by the President. Thus Premier Poincaré has won the crucial political battle of his continuation in power at the last French elections. And he has followed it up by obtaining two votes of confidence of 460 to 120 and 455 to 126.

This result is expected to give the present Government at least half a year of comparative political peace in which to work out its financial program. That so strong a Ministry can be sure of only so brief a period of security emphasizes the immense contrast between the European system, under which a hostile Parliament can upset a Government at any time, and the American system, under which—whatever the mood of Congress—the Executive and his Cabinet have at least four sure years in which to show what they can do.

### *A Common Language for Motorists*

TRAFFIC signals for automobiles are now a veritable Babel. What they mean in one city or county may be quite different in another. Any one who drives an automobile beyond the limits of his own home town is likely to encounter signals which are virtually a foreign language. Does a red light ahead of you mean that you can take a right turn? There is no way of knowing unless you know the local automobile language.

Massachusetts, we learn from an editorial in the New York "Herald Tribune," has adopted a motorists' signal language which is now State-wide. The lights in one Massachusetts town or city have now exactly the same meaning to the drivers of automobiles as the lights in every other town or city of the Commonwealth.

Other States can as easily as Massachusetts put an end to this confusion, not of tongues, but of signs. And while they are about it they might as well all adopt the same sign language.

### *A Healthy Treasury*

OVER nine-tenths of a billion dollars went during the last fiscal year to the reduction of the National debt. When the year began, the gross debt of the United States was $18,511,000,000. When the year ended on June 30, the debt was $17,604,000,000.

Such a reduction means, of course, a reduction in interest, and to that extent a reduction in the cost of government. In addition, interest was reduced by lowering the rate. At the close of the fiscal year of 1921 that rate was 3.96 per cent and the total interest payments amounted to $787,000,000. At the close of the fiscal year of 1928 the rate was 3.87 per cent and the total interest payments were $732,000,000. During this fiscal year the Treasury retired and refunded the Second Liberty Loan Bonds to an amount of over a billion dollars, leaving by June 3 only $33,000,000 of these bonds to be retired; and by June 30 this year had reduced the Third Liberty Loan Bonds outstanding by nearly a billion dollars.

The surplus at the end of this fiscal year is $398,000,000. Last October the Treasury estimate of what the surplus would be was $405,000,000. The actual surplus was therefore within 1.75 per cent of the estimate. The receipts through taxes even more closely approximated the estimate of those receipts. These receipts were only 1.2 per cent less than the estimate. The collections of the income taxes exceeded the estimates by less than a half of one per cent.

### *Ambulance Chasers*

SHYSTER lawyers who follow up accidents to get a large share of any consequent payment for damages have been under fire by members of the New York bar. In most, if not all, cases the lawyer charges a contingent fee. That is, he takes a certain percentage of what is awarded to his "client" as his own emolument.

As the result of a petition to the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court there has been an investigation into the practices of these "ambulance chasers" under Supreme Court Justice Wasservogel. Three eminent New York lawyers appeared before him recently and gave their views as to remedies for the evil. Other lawyers will give their testimony and views later. The first three were William D. Guthrie, former President of the Bar Association; Henry W. Taft, Chairman of the Joint Committee of Lawyers Associations of Bronx and New York Counties; and Charles H. Tuttle, United States Attorney.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Guthrie were in accord in their views on remedial methods. Among the suggestions made was a change in the method of determining fees in negligence cases. Mr. Taft and Mr. Guthrie agreed that that ought to be under examination of the court although not fixed by the court. Already, the testimony shows, the investigation itself has reduced the number of negligence cases. Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Taft agreed that perjury should be made a misdemeanor, so that it could be handled without reference to juries, which often throw out perjury cases.

These two also agreed that, in the words of Mr. Guthrie, "a way should be found to weed from the profession men now in it who never should have been admitted, as well as keep from it many of the undesirables who each year present



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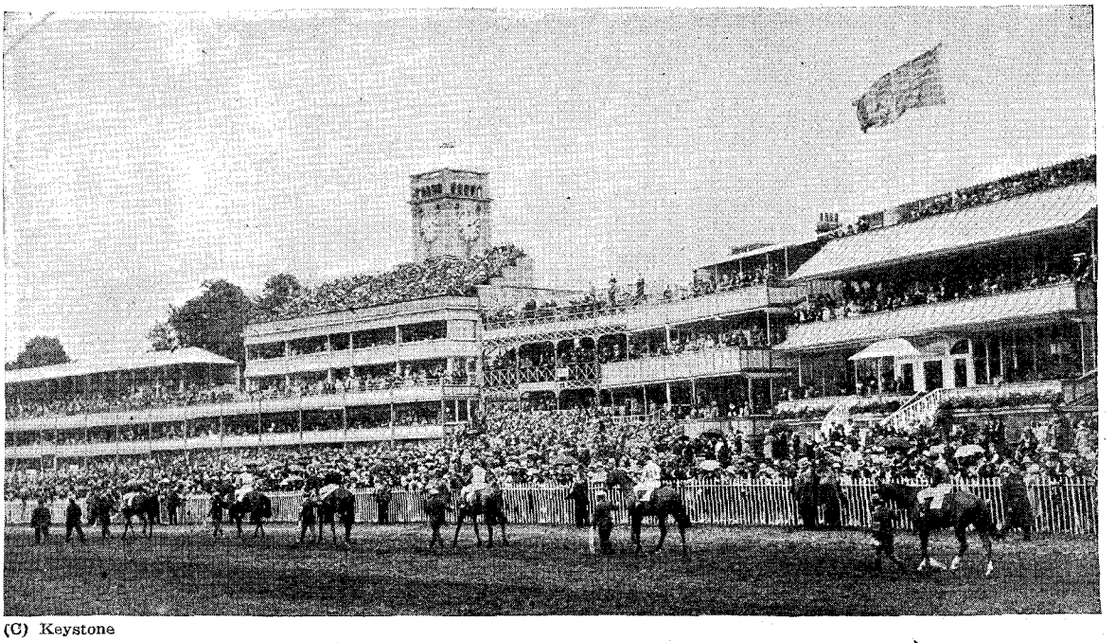

(C) Keystone

GOLD CUP DAY AT ASCOT, ENGLAND

**The parade of horses prior to the Gold Cup Race**

themselves for admission." There are a good many lawyers turned out in New York who are inadequately trained. Indeed, the College of the City of New York has discovered that some of its law diplomas have been forged and sold. In consequence, there have been three indictments for forgery. Mr. Tuttle disagreed with Mr. Taft and Mr. Guthrie concerning perjury, but added that there ought to be a distinction made between false swearing in court and other false affirmations. He said the Government "cheapens the crime of false swearing when they require you to swear to everything whether it be a license or what-not." He also protested against requiring college preparation for the study of the profession of the law, saying that such a requirement would be undemocratic. Instead, he would submit candidates for admission to the bar to a period of probation.

### *Colonel Stewart Again*

COLONEL ROBERT W. STEWART, Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, is in trouble again. Soon after being declared not guilty on the charge of contempt of the Senate, he has been indicted again on a charge of perjury. The present charge is based upon the fact that he stated that he had no knowledge that would lead him to believe that any organization or individual had received any part of the profits of the Continental Trading Company. He later told the Senate Committee that he had received over three-quarters of a million from the Continental Trading Company, which he had turned over to a trust fund for the benefit of his stockholders. Colonel Stewart's attorney called the present charges "a vindictive attempt" to overcome the fact of his last acquittal.

Meanwhile John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has announced that the Rockefeller interests have not disposed of their holdings in the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and that he is still decidedly opposed to Colonel Stewart's retention of the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors of that concern. The Rockefeller interests and philanthropies control about fifteen per cent of the stock of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Mr. Rockefeller states that he has had no reply to his letters to Colonel Stewart calling for his resignation.

### *An Expert*

OFFICERS at Police Headquarters in New York City and at two police stations were told by telephone that a dangerous gang of bandits were holding a meeting in Fifty-first Street. Forty or fifty policemen dashed through the streets in automobiles to the rendezvous. There they found some inoffensive people in a boarding-house. When they returned to their quarters, they found, to their chagrin, that an Italian confirmation party in a restaurant in the district temporarily denuded of police had been held up and robbed.

Perhaps remembering that in another hold-up the sought-for gang had steered the fleeing crowd so that four innocent taxi drivers were mistaken for thugs and two of them killed by police bullets, one of the police officers remarked: "There's a cop behind that somewhere. The man who put that over on us knows plenty about police methods."

Next appeared at one of the police stations a taxi driver to report the theft of his car. After questioning, the taxi driver acknowledged that a band of robbers had appropriated his car to escape from the hold-up of a dice game. The police found the car, but still were mystified.

Then the gang quarreled over the division of the loot, and the story came out.

When the man whom the police believed to be the head of the gang was captured, he told the police that they couldn't search his room without a warrant. "How do you know so much?" he was asked. And he answered, "I used to be a cop myself."

Perhaps not very significant, this incident, but a picture of modern methods of lawlessness.

### *Church and State in England*

IF the English people were logical, disestablishment of the English Church or a great exodus from the English Church to Rome would now be on its way. But the English people are not logical. When confronted with a choice between logical alternatives, they have a habit of taking neither. The action of Parliament in again rejecting the revised Prayer-Book presents them with just such a choice.

The struggle has been over the question of permitting—though only for the use of the sick—the reservation of the Sacrament. To the Protestant mind this partakes of the nature of idolatry. It raises a question of the character of the



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English Church which once caused the spilling of much English blood.

In England Church and State are intertwined. Bishops, the Lords Spiritual, have at least a nominal part in the government of the nation. The nation through its Parliament exercises authority in the government of the Church. Every Englishman, whatever his creed may be, may claim his share in the cathedrals of the English Church by virtue of being an Englishman. Members of the dissenting denominations have the same voice in the ultimate rule of the Church of England as the communicants of that Church have, and they are about equal in number.

In order to allay the dissatisfaction of Anglo-Catholics, and in order to reduce the lawless practices in liturgy common in Anglo-Catholic parishes by making the law more nearly to conform to those practices, the ecclesiastical authorities submitted to Parliament certain modifications in the Prayer-Book, and were overruled by Parliament last December. They have tried again, and again they have been overruled—this time by a larger majority. To the accompaniment of prayers on both sides in Westminster Abbey and, it is said, wagers in London clubs, Parliament refused to authorize the reservation of the Sacrament for any purpose. Dean Inge, in the "Yale Review" for July, anticipating Parliament's decision, predicts that the Church of England will "continue to hold together."

### *Enforcement de Luxe*

WHAT the attorney of twelve New York night clubs called "the most brilliantly executed raid ever made" took place in the early morning of the last Friday in June. Men who had become recognized as retired colonels, brokers, cattlemen, and other gentlemen of means, one of them supposed to be a count, another of them a member of the order of the Mystic Shrine, became suddenly metamorphosed into prohibition enforcement agents and arrested proprietors and waiters. Assisting these men were women. The attorney for the night clubs was emphatic in stating that the money these masquerading agents spent for liquor did not go to his clients. The liquor, he said, must have been bought from outsiders.

Habitués and proprietors alike ascribed the raid to "politics." They pointed out that it came on the heels of the news from Houston that Governor Smith had been nominated. But Major Maurice Campbell, Prohibition Administrator in New York, denied that there was any politics in it. He said that it had followed months of investigation. The authorities seem to be in a dilemma. If they do not succeed in enforcing prohibition, they are faced with the argument that prohibition conduces to lawbreaking. If they attempt enforcement, they are told that their action is political. Dr. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, has declared that this raid is the beginning of a campaign which will be continued.

### *It's Over*

FOUR hundred and sixty hours of dancing is called too much of a good thing by the Health Commissioner of New York City. The dance Marathon in Madison Square Garden which nine couples actively, or rather, inactively, maintained for so many hours has been closed by Commissioner Harris as a menace to public life and health. The $5,000 prize

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

**Father's Day!**

belonging to the winner is to be split between the nine remaining couples. They will get, therefore, about 60 cents an hour for their labors.

The Health Commissioner took drastic action because of the illness of one of the contestants who was forced to drop out. His physician reported this dancer to be delirious and suffering from an internal hemorrhage.

### *Three at a Time*

THREE great ocean yacht races in almost simultaneous progress constitute a record and an indication of the tremendous increase in yachting throughout the United States.

Just after the Harvard-Yale boat races at New London, a large fleet of cruising yachts set sail from that port to Bermuda. While these yachts were straggling over the finishing line, four small schooners were starting from New York to race to Spain. Later a class for larger boats will start from the same port for the same destination. The smaller schooners are racing for a cup given in the name of the Queen of Spain, the larger yachts for one given by the King.

At the same time on the west coast a mixed fleet was *en route* for Honolulu. In this fleet there was one large sloop—a rig which has not often been thought suitable for ocean racing—and this vessel, the Talayha, was the first to reach the islands. She was beaten by the yawl Terva on corrected time.

Such races as these three are not the type to appeal to rocking-chair yachtsmen. They are a wholesome indication that the spirit of the old clipper days is still alive.

### *Ten Years After War*

"THE economic recovery from the World War is a more surprising fact than the World War itself, and in many ways a more important one."

Thus Professor James T. Shotwell, of the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace, sums up his researches into the economic effects of the war in Europe and this country.

"The results of the economic survey which the Carnegie Endowment has been making in the different European countries indicate a degree of recovery which shows that modern society is capable of standing economic destruction far beyond what any one had thought possible in 1914 or even in 1919. Europe had naturally suffered enormous losses, and yet in spite of all the destruction of property the standard of living of the working class is higher now in most European countries than it was in 1914.

"This does not mean that all classes have been able to hold their own, but the working class has definitely improved its wage standard and conditions of living. This improvement is not caused by the war, but has happened in spite of the war. All of which shows that there are forces at work in modern industry which are revolutionizing the basis of living.

"The causes for the improvement lie in improved business methods, in scientific management, mass production, and an increased technical skill. All of this has taken place with very little regard to politics and much of it in spite of the most reactionary and uneconomical political programs. The question whether it will continue or how much it may be counted upon is one which any historian would be very slow to answer, in view of the mistakes which have been made in



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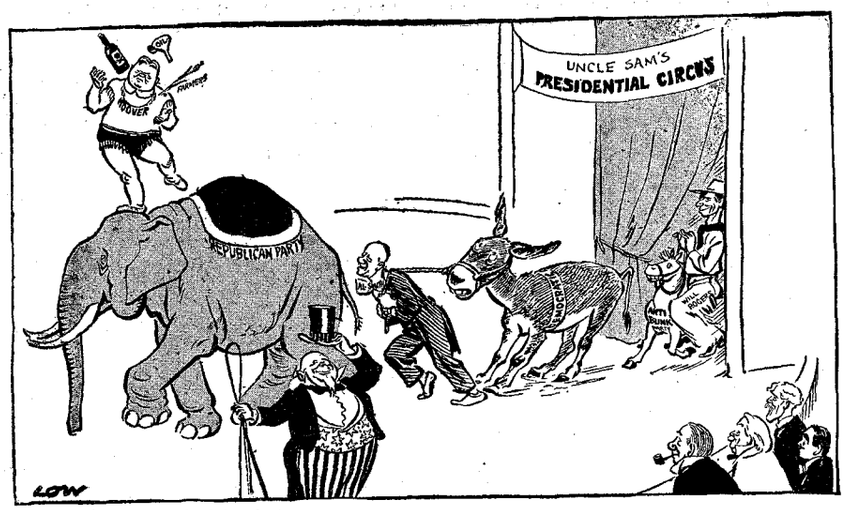


From the Evening Standard (London)

**Thank goodness we've some one else's circus to look at for a change**

all previous guesses as to the capacity of European civilization, but Mr. Gilbert's optimistic report of Germany's capacity to pay shows that the world is still upon the upward course."

The economic argument against war, therefore, ceases to be valid. The irreparable loss is eight-million-odd dead soldiers.

### *The Arctic Swallows One More*

THE Commander of the Italian airship flight, General Nobile, still remains the only member to be rescued from the precarious ice floes. No word has been heard of Amundsen, and in addition another pilot searching for the lost crew of the Italia has disappeared. This plane was flown by the Russian Babuskin. Babuskin took off from the ice-breaker Malygin and for twenty minutes was in wireless communication with that ship, then his signals ended, and he has not been heard from since.

### *Theft and Propaganda*

AFTER the Leviathan landed at Southampton, England, on its last trip eastward last month, it was discovered that some registered mail in the sacks she had carried had been stolen. Reports had it that the stealing had taken place aboard ship. The value of the stolen mail, it was said, amounted to half a million dollars.

Now the Leviathan has returned, and her captain and officers are indignant at the stories. It is not denied that mail was stolen; but it is emphatically denied that the amount stolen is known and that there is any evidence that the theft took place aboard ship. There is no means of knowing the amount, postal inspectors said, until reports come from those who have not received what they were looking for. The hold in which the mail was kept was covered by a hatch which could be lifted only by a winch and was guarded by armed men. The sacks were checked off when put in and taken out. The theft might have taken place in Southampton or on the English mail train. Some of the seals on the sacks were later discovered to be counterfeit, and would probably have been discovered in New York if the theft had taken place before the mail was put aboard. A Scotland Yard detective is reported to have said that he could not see how the robbery could have been committed aboard ship. So the mystery remains a mystery.

Meantime the Leviathan's captain, Commodore Cunningham, and other officers believe that the stories published in England and sent out by English correspondents are part of the propaganda against the American merchant marine.

### *Calling Cards for Immigrants*

AMERICAN feeling, by tradition and training, is against systems of registration and identification. They smack of European police spy systems, which are contrary to the more care-free and independent ways of pioneer-bred people. So the new plan of the Department of Labor for identification cards for immigrants arouses at first a sentiment of dislike. Further thought shows little rational ground for objection to it.

The cards, to be issued by consuls at ports of departure and countersigned upon arrival, will show photographs of the bearers, their names, countries of origin, and dates of arrival. They are to be used by foreigners when seeking permits to leave the country or when applying for naturalization. They will dispose of the necessity for other proof of legal entry into the United States. Also, obviously, they "will greatly simplify the work of immigration officers charged with the duty of investigating and apprehending aliens unlawfully in the United States liable to deportation."

To honest immigrants with clear records and no concealed purposes such cards offer evident advantages. Since the ruling which requires their use is not retroactive, those already in the country are not affected. So long as the system is not used as an instrument of prejudice against foreigners, it has many reasons of practical efficiency to recommend it.

## Windows on the World

*By Malcolm W. Davis*

EUROPE feels slightly acquainted with the personality of "Al" Smith by proxy—through the visit made last year to its capitals by his friend, "Jimmy" Walker, Mayor of New York. And the press comment on his nomination for President by the Democratic Party has shown cordial interest in him. British editors consider him a symbol of the rise of the great town populations and their possible ascendency in political power over the voters scattered through the country. French writers call him an embodiment of the spirit of American liberalism and would interpret his election as a revival of that spirit in American life. Observers in other countries regard him as a spokesman of the newer elements in the citizenship of the United States—heretofore unrepresented in the White House. All of them evidently feel uncertain of his international policies, and at the same time see in him a leader of "the common people" as contrasted with "big business," of which they think Hoover a typical representative. Of course, Irish journalists are jubilant and take Governor Smith's election for granted; they would recognize the open elevation of an Irish-American to the peak of political influence simply as a public expression of a long-established, natural, practical fact.

ALL THE FURY of war hatreds flashed out afresh over the dedication of the Louvain University Library in Belgium, destroyed during the German invasion



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and rebuilt with American gifts. Whitney Warren, the architect, planned to erect a balustrade for the façade bearing a Latin inscription: "Destroyed by German fury, restored by American love." Mgr. Ladeuze, Rector of the University, objected, on the ground that this would perpetuate undesirable sentiments in an institution receiving many German students.

Herbert Hoover, as Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, whose Educational Foundation gave the larger share of the funds for the library, cabled over a month ago to the University authorities that the University owned the building, and urged them to settle the controversy in a way to "eliminate war bitterness." The Vatican also was reported to approve the stand of Mgr. Ladeuze. Mr. Warren, however, insisted on his plan.

Without informing the architect, the Rector ordered a substitute balustrade without an inscription. Opinion in Belgium divided into two camps, the majority favoring Mr. Warren. A crowd, composed mostly of students, broke through the police lines when the uninscribed balustrade was being put in place, and smashed the pillars to pieces. Royal sanction was given, however, for the action of Mgr. Ladeuze; and, although the King did not attend the dedication, Prince Leopold gave it official character by his presence. New wooden pillars were rushed into place and coated with plaster for the ceremonies on July 4—from which Mr. Warren absented himself in Paris.

A thoroughly "human" affair that can leave no one happy. But the rebuilt library itself, long outliving the quarrel, will speak with sufficient eloquence for the spirit which prompted its erection.

COMMUNIST ACTIVITY here and there around the world gains results from time to time that indicate the effects of the propaganda carried on by this one political organization operating consistently on international lines.

In Sweden the Social Democrats have agreed to make common cause with the Communists in this summer's election campaign for seats in the national Parliament. The Social Democrats already hold 105 seats, and a gain of seven more would give them the advantage over the moderate parties—the Agrarians, Conservatives, and Liberals. A Social Democratic working majority established in coalition with the Communists would be likely to have a far-reaching influence on national policies.

At the opposite extreme of the world, in Argentina, the Socialists lately made a similar declaration of unity with the Communists. There the Socialists are a small minority party, and their leaders said that they had lost faith in the achievement of their aims by the constitutional parliamentary methods they have heretofore followed.

Michael Borodin, the Soviet agent who for months exerted Russian Communist influence among the Nationalists of China—now the rulers of the eighteen provinces within the Great Wall—has been reported back from Moscow in Mongolia for another go at the capitalist Powers in the Far East.

These are alarms and rumors which it is interesting to note and check by later events—or the absence of them.

Wide World

**IN MEMORY OF A COMPOSER OF A PAST CENTURY**

**An open-air concert of Schubert's music in front of the City Hall in Vienna during the celebration of the centenary of the great composer's death**

GENERAL ALVARO OBREGON has set up a precedent of importance by securing re-election as President of Mexico. In the campaign just closed he finally stood as the sole candidate. The main issue had been the question of election of a former President for a second term. The Constitution of 1917 originally forbade it, but an amendment removed that obstacle. President Calles, Obregon's friend, former ally, and successor in office, favored the return of his colleague. And the two chief opponents, Generals Gomez and Serrano, who headed anti-re-electionist movements, were executed on charges of conspiracy when the Government crushed the last serious armed uprising against it.

Obregon will be sworn into office on December 1 for a lengthened period of six years, instead of the four that the Constitution previously provided. And already it is rumored that, when his new term ends, Calles—if still available—will in turn follow him.

Mexican laws make it impossible for a President to succeed himself, but two such interchangeable personalities offer a convenient method of achieving virtually the same result.

Obregon has declared against the liquor traffic and gambling, saying: "Reaction is our principal enemy, and alcohol is its most formidable ally."

He advocates freedom of religion and worship, requiring at the same time that all churches—including the Roman Catholic—submit themselves to the laws of the state. Advance reports have had it that he is favorably disposed to an adjustment of the controversy between the Government and the Catholic clergy.

He proposes to continue the program inaugurated by President Calles to promote the economic development of Mexico, including irrigation and good roads, and desires to establish a merchant marine.

On good terms with Ambassador Morrow, he is friendly to foreign capital coming "to co-operate and not with conquest in view." And he would like to have immigration from Mexico to the United States unrestricted.

His powers and political influence as the Chief Executive will be increased by a recent constitutional amendment providing that judges shall be appointed by the President instead of being elected.

As a way of securing continuity of policy, the present Mexican system is—temporarily at least—unique.



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# Do the Issues Burn?

THE two major candidates for the Presidency stand at the moment on platforms of equal unimportance. They are what platforms have been in the past and, very likely, what they will be in the future. All the so-called issues are there. Some throw off as much heat as the fire in a stage setting. Some glow. Do any of them burn?

It is some time since issues have burned in American politics. Certainly the Republican landslide in 1920 was not brought about by any such issue. The truth is almost any Republican could have been elected on the Republican ticket in that campaign. In that year we voted against—against war, sugar rationing, heatless days, slaughtered youth, against everything. The Democrats merely happened to be the inevitable target.

It was in that year that issues ceased to burn. We had had eight years of Roosevelt, four years of war, eight years of Wilson. They were hard taskmasters. They burned up the most ardent crusaders. We were tired, confused, irritated. We wanted to be left alone. Mr. Coolidge was fashioned by Providence for the office to which he was called by the death of President Harding. Mr. Coolidge has been a most successful fire-extinguisher.

Are issues beginning to burn again? If so, which candidate is the better equipped to keep the fires going?

Mr. Hoover was dealt with two weeks ago in this place. The Outlook regards him as a brilliant unknown; that is, it recognizes his qualities as a humanitarian, and as an organizer and executive in non-political positions. It believes that his long experience abroad is extraordinary preparation for a man who would be President. It does not, however, know his attitude toward major problems of American life. It does not know whether he can command and be obeyed and followed. There is a vast difference between political and industrial leadership; and Mr. Hoover has on occasions shown dislike for the rough give and take of politics.

It has been said of Governor Smith that he is not Nationally minded; that he is so little experienced in that larger field that he does not know intimately one National figure to serve as party chairman. He will have to furnish proof on this point. In the meantime it would seem that four terms as Governor of the first State of the Union should be reasonably adequate preparation for the high office in Washington. The art of government, said Cleveland, is merely applied common sense. Governor Smith has shown an uncommon amount of that quality.

Unquestionably he is a leader. Here friends and foes can agree. He was a leader as long ago as 1915, when Elihu Root and other prominent Republicans were agreeing that Smith knew more about the State's business than any man in the Constitutional Convention. He has executive ability, though of a different kind from that of Mr. Hoover, and beyond that a great gift for popularizing his causes, rousing his constituents, and, thus fortified, making his views prevail over hostile legislative majorities.

In his own bailiwick there is a large body of citizens of varying political beliefs who are satisfied as to his honesty, his courage, his fine scorn of hokum, his essential conservatism, even as to his independence of Tammany Hall, except as a sentimental attachment. He would be less the man if he disowned old friends, say these admirers; but to believe that old friends control him is to believe the reverse of the truth.

What Governor Smith has to do, then, is to implant across the borders of New York a similar conviction of his candidacy and his personality. He has already spoken his mind about prohibition. The Outlook cannot credit him with entire frankness until he publicly declares for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; but his espousal of fundamental changes in the present provisions for National prohibition is brave, honest, and, perhaps, sufficiently explicit for the moment.

Beyond this important declaration, Governor Smith must assure the country at large that, if elected, there will be no strings between Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. It will not be easy. There are abominably corrupt machines in Indiana, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, but Tammany, not without reason, is the symbol for them all.

Obviously, too, he must impress the voters with his ability to deal soundly with many issues, National and international. He must not only persuade the voters that he understands them but that his policies about them are right. From the West will come the call for enlightenment on the Governor's policy for agriculture. From the West too, as well as other parts of the country, will come the demand for a clear-sighted policy on giant power. And beyond the borders of the United States there are problems concerning which the country will wish to know Governor Smith's mind. The problems of the President do not stop with the territorial limits of the United States. Does he, for example, agree with the plank of his party which calls for immediate independence of the Philippines? What he and his party decide on that subject may affect the destiny of the world. It certainly may change the whole face of the Far East. What policies will he have on those relations of this country that have to do ultimately with war and peace and immediately with all the complications of international commerce?

There is a time to lie fallow and a time to be up and doing, and man cannot order the course of nature. If issues are beginning again to burn, Governor Smith is of the temperament to fan the flames. But, in all friendliness, those whose suffrages he asks may without prejudice rightly ask these questions. And upon his answers independent voters will decide whether this natural leader will lead them in the direction in which they wish to go.



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# Harmony—and a Man of Courage

*By* HENRY F. PRINGLE

THERE had been unlimited oratory during the humid sessions of the Democratic National Convention at Houston; but very little courage. The dove of peace, a bird unseen for years at gatherings of Democracy, had hovered against the high, arched ceiling of Sam Houston Hall; and a Democratic Party hopeful that victory might come again, after eight lean years of famine, was determined that nothing should be said and nothing written which would offend any one. The nomination of Alfred E. Smith, of New York, a professed advocate of Volstead modification, had been accomplished on a platform exactly as dry as that adopted by the G. O. P. at Kansas City—and exactly as sincere. To run with Smith the Democrats picked Joe Robinson, of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, a middle-of-the-road harmonizer and a dry. Politically, he might be the twin brother of Senator Curtis, of Kansas, the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate.

But at 1:40 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 29, courage, in the shape of a message from Al Smith, had its brief moment on the stage. The Convention was virtually over. The galleries had long been deserted by spectators and half of the delegates and the alternates had left the hall to pack their grips and hurry for homeward-bound trains. For two hours the press seats had been buzzing with rumors regarding a telegram from the Governor of New York. Would Smith announce, as Hoover had done, that he would stand upon the platform? Would he assume the leadership of his party, face the issue and repeat his earlier declaration that he had in no way changed his mind regarding prohibition? Or had expediency once more whispered that it was wisest to say nothing at all? Then Pat Harrison, United States Senator from Mississippi, who was presiding, announced that a telegram had been received from the Presidential nominee. The first few paragraphs expressed Smith's appreciation of the honor which had come to him: "With a deep sense of responsibility and a fervent prayer for the guidance of Divine Providence, I accept the call." Next, Smith denied the Republican claim that it enjoyed a monopoly in the preservation of prosperity. Finally—and in the dull, emotionless voice of the presiding officer the message seemed quite without drama or significance—Smith declared:

> The equal and even enforcement of the law is the corner-stone upon which rests the whole structure of democratic government. If it is the will of the people of this Nation that I am to take an oath as President of the United States to protect and defend our Constitution and laws, I will execute that oath to the limit of my ability without reservation or evasion. It is well known that I believe there should be fundamental changes in the present provisions for National prohibition, based, as I stated in my Jackson Day letter, on the fearless application to the problem of the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy.
>
> While I fully appreciate that these changes can only be made by the people themselves through their elected legislative representatives, I feel it to be the duty of the chosen leader of the people to point the way which, in his opinion, leads to a sane, sensible solution of a condition which, I am convinced, is entirely unsatisfactory to the great mass of our people. Common honesty compels me to admit that corruption of law enforcement officials, bootlegging, and lawlessness are now prevalent throughout the country. I am satisfied that without returning to the old evils that grew from the saloon, which years ago I held, and still hold, was and ought always to be a defunct institution in this country, by the application of the Democratic principles of local self-government and States' rights, we can secure real temperance, respect for law, and eradication of existing evils.

LATER that afternoon delegates hurrying toward the Southern Pacific or the Union stations in Houston, gasped when they saw extras proclaiming that "Al Smith Will Carry Wet Fight to Voters." Having left the hall prior to the adjournment of the Convention, many had missed its most significant moment. Beside the statement of Al Smith, read to an emptying hall as the Convention died, the long, eloquent, and somewhat bombastic keynote address of Claude Bowers pales to insignificance. During the months that are to come the nominating address made by Franklin D. Roosevelt, as stirring and dramatic as any I have ever heard, will be largely forgotten. Already, even as the trains puff out with their cargoes of tired delegates, the lesser orators have faded from memory. But from now until November men will argue, storm, and debate over the message sent from Albany early on the morning of June 29 and read within a few minutes of the final adjournment. Contributions will pour in flood streams, no doubt, into the coffers of the Anti-Saloon League, and the elderly, talkative, determined ladies who have been holding prayer-meetings in Houston during the Convention will ask the Lord, from a thousand small white churches, to defeat this man who had the courage to say what he thought. Artistically, one regrets that Smith was not himself present at Houston. Could he have delivered that message in person the picture, as well as the incident, would have been one to live in political history with the day so many years ago when a young man from the prairies of Nebraska demanded that mankind must not be crucified on a cross of gold.

I do not mean in thus emphasizing the message from Smith that the Democratic Convention of 1928 was not without its moments of high drama. The Democrats, it has been said, invariably stage a better show than do the Republicans—largely because they get so much more excited. Ordinarily, there is, at the least, a fight just beneath the surface. This time, since the disputes were largely limited to hotel lobbies, there was an element of drama in the contrast with conventions of other years. One could not forget, as he looked down from above on Democracy assembled for one harmonious purpose, the setting of four years ago at the Madison Square Garden in New York. Particularly, one could not forget that night when white-faced young patrolmen circulated through the aisles as the debate on the Klan plank raged—men accustomed to riots and knowing that here were men aroused by religious zeal and primitive in their barely suppressed violence. But now the Ku Klux Klan is dead, or nearly so, in the South. And the men who four years ago were denouncing the Catholic from New York sat placidly beside their standards or hurried to the speaker's stand to second the nomination of Al Smith. All the



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heat at Houston was provided by the weather. And that, one might add, was plenty.

By now the picture of Sam Houston Hall must be familiar to every one in the country. The newspaper correspondents, to the delight of Houstonians, have sent thousands upon thousands of words describing its high ceiling, its walls banked with smilax, its vast floor space where the delegates, the alternates, and the spectators stretched out, row upon row, like the audience at some great Billy Sunday revival. More than sixteen thousand people were gathered there for each of the sessions, a huge, remote, restless, perspiring crowd which could see very little of what was going on and could hear only by grace of the clusters of loud speakers which hung from the ceiling. A Convention of this size, obviously, cannot possibly be spontaneous. A delegate, attempting to speak from the floor, was a still, small voice in a wilderness of humanity. Even Bryan, whose glorious tones could sweep farther and deeper than those of probably any man alive today, must have been silent on that floor. The only way that a speaker could make himself heard was to arrange, in advance, with the Chairman, and then make his way to the platform where the microphones were located. A modern National convention is arranged for the radio audience, and the fine old bawdy days when insults could be hurled from the floor, like pop bottles at a ball game, have passed forever

The Convention began stupidly enough. Clem Shaver, old and hardly impressive, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, started to pound with his gavel shortly after noon on Tuesday, June 26. But few paid the slightest attention and the deep murmur of thousands of people absorbed in their own conversation subsided only when a clergyman was introduced to offer a prayer for Democracy assembled. There was a light stir of interest when a slender girl in pink, wearing a large picture hat, stepped up to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a burst of applause when she finished and the usual frantic cheering, in which Northerners invariably join with particular fervor, when she sang "Dixie." But the dull formalities of reading the call for the Convention and the temporary roll attracted no attention. Instead, the delegates watched the photographers, perched in crow's-nest structures around the hall, or blinked in the glare of the arc lights which challenged the sun flooding in through the open walls of the structure. Nothing, the audience knew, was to happen on the first morning. The keynote speech, it had been announced, would be given in the evening—so that additional thousands of radio listeners could hear it.

The Convention really began with the first evening session, and Houston society made the most of it. Grouped in the boxes were the social arbiters of Houston; stout ladies who looked very warm indeed but eagerly fascinated by the spectacle of political history in the making. There, too, were the town's feminine beauty; lovely Southern girls wearing clothes they had bought in Paris or New York, or possibly Chicago, dimpling at their escorts, seeking a glimpse of the celebrities and proclaiming it all "just too fascinating!" They were laughingly anxious for a glimpse of the dashing Mayor Walker, of New York, a member of the New York delegation. They were anxious, too, to see Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, seated in one of the boxes and seemingly a little bored by the number of society matrons who kept hurrying up to do her honor. Interest in the session ran high because Claude Bowers was to speak—Bowers, the editorial writer who had startled the newspaper and political worlds by becoming an orator at the Jackson Day dinner the previous January. Escorted to the platform soon after eight o'clock, Mr. Bowers, in a stiff collar and a gray suit, was slight and insignificant beside some of the stout politicians who were on the platform with him. But after the first few minutes, during which he appeared somewhat nervous, he swiftly demonstrated that his abilities as a spellbinder had not been exaggerated.

It was a good, old-fashioned, fervent political speech; the sort once made in the flare of torch-lights on a wooden platform in the town square. The American Democracy has "mobilized today to wage a war of extermination against privilege and pillage."

> We prime our guns against autocracy and bureaucracy. We march against that centralization which threatens the liberties of the people. We fight for the Republic of the fathers, and for the recovery of the covenant from the keeping of a caste and class. We battle for the honor of the Nation, besmirched and bedraggled by the most brazen and shameless carnival of corruption that ever blackened the reputation of a decent and self-respecting people. . . . We stand for the spirit of the Preamble of the Declaration that is made a mockery; for the Bill of Rights that is ignored; for the social and economic justice which is refused; for the sovereign rights of our States that are denied; and for a return to the old-fashioned civic integrity of a Jackson, a Tilden, a Cleveland, and a Wilson. We stand for the restoration of the Government to the people who built it by their bravery and cemented it with their blood.

It was exactly the sort of thing that a convention audience loved. They lost interest, a little, when Mr. Bowers paused in his denunciations of the G. O. P. to attribute to Alexander Hamilton most of the sins that beset the Republican Party and to Thomas Jefferson most of the virtues of a militant Democracy. But they cheered again when he said that the "brilliant record of our eight years of power is as a splotch of glorious sunshine against the smutty background of eight years of privilege and crime." They stamped their approval of his tributes to Woodrow Wilson. They yelled with delight when he told of "the Black Horse Cavalry of privilege and plunder" which had "cantered down Pennsylvania Avenue, up and down from one end to the other." So with "The cries of millions for relief cannot be heard, but the dulcet whisper of the pig-iron industry is enough to bring a fifty per cent increase in its loot." And when Mr. Bowers screamed, "We demand that the hand of privilege shall be taken out of the farmer's pocket and off the farmer's throat" it was more than the agrarian delegates could stand. The arc lights gleamed and the standard of North Dakota swayed in the air. Texas lifted her "Lone Star" flag, and a parade was on. It lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes, while Mr. Bowers mopped his face and permitted a Kansas delegate to clamber up on the dais and pin a sunflower to his coat.

Pillage and privilege, plunder and corruption—the phrases rang through the keynote address again and again and again, until they became, to this auditor, just a little tiresome. One gathered that Mr. Bowers's address had been carefully scrutinized by a National Committee aware that nothing must be said to indorse the candidacy of Smith and nothing, at any cost, regarding prohibition. The keynote of Democracy was to be its own perfection and the perfidy of the G. O. P. It was to have been the keynote of the coming campaign—until a message from the nominee made it no longer possible to dodge the issue uppermost in the mind of every one present. The peroration of the keynote address was, at least, inspiring:

> We shall win because our cause is just. The predatory forces before us seek a triumph for the sake of the



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sacking. Their shock troops are the Black Horse Cavalry whose hoof-beats have made hideous music on Pennsylvania Avenue during the last eight years. They are led by money-mad cynics and scoffers—and we go forth to battle for the cause of man. In the presence of such a foe "he who dallies is a dastard and he who doubts is damned." In this connection we close debate and grasp the sword. The time has come. The battle hour has struck. Then to your tents, O Israel!

Partly hokum, of course. But the reference to the woes of the children of Israel, which Mr. Bowers indicated, but did not set forth, is not as forced as the Republican Party might desire. I commend to the G. O. P. II Chronicles x. 1–16.

ONLY a small part of a National Convention goes on in the hall, of course. The sessions, much as they may drag, consume only a fraction of the time. At Houston the nomination of Al Smith was virtually assured before the delegates had arrived. In this the Convention was closely similar to the gathering at Kansas City. Most of the really important work was carried on at the meetings of the Committee on Resolutions, which drafted a platform silent on the subject of prohibition, eloquent on G. O. P. villainies, and estimable only in comparison with that of the Republican Party. The 1928 Convention was, however, unique in many ways. The faithful of Tammany Hall, for instance, wore a subdued air. No brown derbies were in evidence. The Smith people brought not a single band to Houston and only engaged a small orchestra to play in the official headquarters at their hotel. George Olvany, Dan Ryan, Jim Foley, and the rest of the bosses had very little to say and the lesser leaders said nothing at all. The rank and file of Tammany Hall, who normally sweep into a convention city with bands playing and flags waving and with incredible appetites for beer, seemed to be absent entirely. They were, at least, nowhere in evidence and Tammany Hall was very much on its good behavior. There was a good deal of drinking at Houston. But, although it was New York's day and although New York had cause for delirious joy, the New York delegates scrupulously avoided even the appearance of evil and remained out of the speak-easies. At the Smith headquarters an atmosphere of strained courtesy was manifest. The Smith leaders declined to bid for the votes of faltering dark horses. They declined to make predictions, or many of them. They avoided boasting, smugness, the usual windy optimism of campaign managers. Smith, they said, would be nominated. But they were not certain on what ballot victory would come. They were entirely willing to have all the favorite sons receive due consideration on the early ballots. One leader even said, regretfully, that "we are afraid the Governor will be nominated on the first ballot." This, however, was shortly before the balloting had actually started.

**Al Smith, of New York**

The landslide was in full swing, and only Jim Reed, of Missouri, who had made a bid for the dry delegations, was issuing faint-hearted statements announcing that he still hoped for the nomination. Crowded hotel lobbies; overworked bellboys; elevators packed like the Times Square station during the subway crush; bands blaring in the lobby of the Rice; a girl in cowboy garb astride a placid gray mare and accompanying a cowboy band even into the hotel lobbies; perspiring delegates, lady visitors with their make-up ruined by perspiration; a $1.50 dinner being increased to $2 on the roof of the Rice; bad service; worried hotel clerks; heat, humidity, and perspiration—such are among the outstanding memories of the 1928 Convention. And yet it was, on the whole, a light-hearted gathering and a well-behaved one. Men and women laughed at the inconveniences and at the heat. For Democracy was, once again, harmonious. Al Smith was to be chosen and victory in November loomed as a possibility. Only the lady drys, whose prayers were heard by the Platform Committee but not by God, remained disgruntled and aloof. Smith, they agreed as the Convention closed, was impossible. They would bolt the Democratic Party!

"The women of the South," said Mrs. Marvin Williams, President of the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union, "will not vote for Smith."

LET us return, however, to Sam Houston Hall. The morning of the second day, June 27, was warmer, if possible, than that of the preceding day. First came the formalities of a report by the Credentials Committee and the mumble-mumble of the Chairman explaining that one group of Louisiana delegates had been seated and another had not. No one listened. Then Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, was presented as the Permanent Chairman, received a gavel made of copper from Utah and one fashioned from coal from Pennsylvania, and began his address. It contained, to the surprise of every one, a bomb-shell in the shape of an appeal for religious freedom, a reminder that in the United States there is no qualification of religion for men seeking public office. In an instant the great hall was in an uproar. A befuddled band-leader started "The Old Time Religion," and a parade was in progress down the aisles. All of the States joined in, although there were several brisk fights in one or two of the Southern delegations and the police had to quell some incipient riots. It lasted for perhaps twenty minutes, and once again the nomination of Smith was an assured fact.

"Call the roll of States."

The order was given at eight o'clock on the evening of the second day, and the audience craned their necks for a glimpse of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was to put the name of Alfred E. Smith in nomination. First, however, came a long oration extolling Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia, the fading hope of the drys. A short demonstration followed, but the crowd was impatient for the Big Show.

"Arizona yields to New York."

It was almost nine o'clock, and Roosevelt, this time not needing his crutches, for he is slowly recovering from his long



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illness, smiled down at the great audience. The flood lights were turned full on him, of course. And he was, in their glare, a fine figure; with broad shoulders, a striking head, dark-haired, poised, cool in his linen suit. Again one recalled the scene four years ago at Madison Square Garden when Roosevelt had limped to the platform on crutches, had been stopped by a synthetic demonstration which injured the standing of Smith, had leaned with his strong arms on the speaker's stand and had called for the nomination of the "happy warrior." He was to do that again this time, but his address was incomparably better—by all possible standards, the very best address of the entire Convention. He spoke slowly, clearly, distinctly, and so eloquently that an audience already beginning to weary of oratory forgot to applaud in eagerness to hear. He came, he said, "for the third time to urge—the nomination of the Governor of the State of New York.

"The faith which I held I still hold. It has been justified in the achievement. The whole country now has learned the measure of his greatness."

There was, I felt as I listened, heartfelt emotion in that nominating speech—emotion and conviction and sincerity. And born of these were striking phrases: "His every act has been under the searchlight of friend and foe, and he has not been found wanting." "It is not my belief that I should urge popularity as the criterion in making our choice. . . . We must, first of all, make sure that our nominee possesses the unusual qualifications called for by the high office of President of these United States." "First of all [we need] leadership, articulate, virile, willing to bear responsibility, needing no official spokesman to interpret the oracle." "Personal leadership is a fundamental of good government." "I do not mean an honesty that merely keeps a man out of jail, or an honesty that, while avoiding personal smirch, hides the corruption of others. I speak of that honesty that lets a man sleep well of nights, fearing no Senatorial investigation." "The soul of our country, lulled by mere material prosperity, has passed through eight gray years." "This is a time of National danger unless America can be roused again to wakefulness." "I prophesy that he will again place us among the nations of the world as a country which values its ideals as much as its material prosperity." "America needs not only an administrator, but a leader—a pathfinder, a blazer of the trail to the highroad that will avoid the bottomless morass of crass materialism that has engulfed so many of the great civilizations of the past." "To sally forth to battle and win for our principles is something more than heroic. We offer one who has the will to win—who not only deserves success, but commands it. Victory is his habit—the happy warrior—Alfred E. Smith!"

It was, I think, the most stirring moment of the Convention, for the message from Smith on prohibition was read to a half-empty hall and in such a way that its significance was lost. There followed, of course, an enthusiastic demonstration. This was cut short, however, by the Smith floor leaders when friction arose among some of the divided Southern delegations and a few hot-headed delegates seemed on the point of fighting. Harmony was the rule of the day; a demonstration was superfluous and availed nothing. Much of the good effect of the Roosevelt speech was lost, in fact, through the interminable and effusive speeches of the minor orators who seconded the nomination. And before the nominating speeches for Reed, Woollen, Pomerene, Jones, Hitchcock, Ayres, and the rest were over, the Convention had degenerated to the ludicrous.

**Joe Robinson, of Arkansas**

The nomination came on Thursday night, following the reading of the platform. From the start it became clear that Smith would receive almost the necessary two-thirds, 733⅓ votes, on the first roll-call. The favorite sons received their scattering votes, but when the Virgin Islands cast its two ballots for Smith there was a mad scramble on the part of Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, and even Mississippi to shift at least some of their votes to the victor. It was a band-wagon scramble, and Smith, who had received 724⅔ on the first count, had 849⅔ before the Convention was adjourned. Only Texas, which had staged a badly judged demonstration for Jesse Jones, and a few of the Southern delegations refused to budge.

THE next morning the nomination of Joe Robinson, picked by the leaders as safe, sane, and without enemies, went through without incident, and the Convention of 1928 started to dissolve in the mists of history. In the hotel restaurants, the theaters, and the occasional roadhouses of Houston orchestras were beating out, to enthusiastic applause, "The Sidewalks of New York." It was offered but timidly during the days of the Convention and was always followed, a concession to local pride, with "Dixie." Now it will resound, I think, throughout the Nation, and the cold logicians who are sometimes, although not frequently, found among the ranks of professional politicians are wondering how many votes it may be worth.

Smith has been nominated—a consummation that seemed utterly impossible four years ago and which now causes not even a ripple of surprise. He begins a bitter campaign with an example of leadership which is encouraging. Today was to have been Tammany's Day, and in a measure, no doubt, the Wigwam can claim credit for the victory. In reality, of course, it was Smith's Day. One is not inclined to grow sentimental about Tammany. Yet one wishes, a little, that "Big Tom" Foley of the old Fourth Ward in New York City, the man who first saw political possibilities in Al Smith, had been in Houston. Tom would have been unhappy, of course, and uncomfortable and subdued among these new, younger leaders. So would Charles F. Murphy, whose hope that Al Smith might be President was, I am convinced, a generous gesture in a life unmarked by generosity. Before he died Murphy had told intimates that if Al Smith ever got to the White House he would immediately sail for Europe, that he would never ask a favor.



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# History Is Made at Houston

*By* DIXON MERRITT

THE Democratic National Convention made restoration of honesty in Government the paramount issue. It nominated Alfred E. Smith, and he promptly made another issue paramount—the restoration of personal liberty and local self-government by modification of prohibition. And that at the end of a Convention in which the spirit had striven, painfully but successfully, against the flesh to prevent prohibition as such from becoming an issue at all. In the whole of our political history there are few things more heroic than the conduct of flaming drys and boiling wets who swallowed their desires in gulps of gall rather than put in jeopardy for a moment the new-found and precious party harmony.

It may be that the act which immediately followed was more heroic still. Governor Smith accepted the platform which they had built for him and then erected his own as a superstructure upon it. This gets back to what I wrote last week—that Alfred E. Smith is the issue, and no two-faced, straddling issue, either.

Though the thing for which the Convention worked hardest—the side-tracking of the prohibition issue—was lost, the labor was not lost; for out of it came a considerable measure of something for which I can find no other name than love. The Houston Convention must go down in history as a great convention if for no other reason than this: In so far as a political convention can do so, it abolished both sect and section as bars to political preferment in the United States. In the same National Convention were nominated the first Catholic in all time and the first Southerner in sixty-four years. The nomination of Smith is more important, but it is hardly more significant than the nomination of Robinson.

The opposition which existed in the South to Smith's nomination may have sprung from the roots of prejudice, but it has borne at least this good fruit: The South ceased to be a section already signed, sealed and delivered to the Democratic Party, for once debatable ground, and so won what had been denied it since the War of Secession—a place on a National ticket. If in the election, for reasons not growing out of prejudice, Smith loses four or five Southern States and wins Pennsylvania, a great thing will have been accomplished for the country.

If there is religious prejudice in the South, there was no visible sign of it in Houston. There may have been somewhere a secret conference room—I think there can have been only one—in which Smith's Catholicism was urged as a disqualification, but it was never mentioned in public, or even in ordinarily private discussion. I was close enough to the groups in which such things might have been expected to occur to know that this is so. There was not a single poster, handbill, or bit of printed propaganda of any kind in any remotest way concerned with religious differences.

I have long believed that the extent of religious prejudice is tremendously overestimated, and the events of this Convention seem to bear me out. If his religion had been the chief or even a considerable objection to Governor Smith, the candidacy of Senator Reed would not have suffered its pitiable wasting away. He was the fourth man in the race, Hull practically doubling him and George considerably exceeding him in number of votes recorded on the official tally-sheet before the band-wagon rush and switching of votes began. Yet Reed, a Protestant, is as wet as Smith. If religion, and not wetness, had been the objection, the bitter-enders would certainly have tried to make common cause with some of the wets by swinging to Reed.

THE rush for home-bound trains had already begun when Governor Smith's statement was read. The delegates who remained for some little time afterwards were not disposed to talk. The majority, pleased, were willing to leave the talking to the chief. The minority, partly dazed and partly unconcerned, wanted to go home and be quiet for a while before making up their minds. Few were surprised, and none had any right to be so. Governor Smith had but reiterated what was said in his Jackson's Day letter, what was implied in his laconic "I have not" in reply to the "World" query shortly before the Convention opened. Most of those who would consent to say anything, even the extremest of the drys, were more inclined to admire the Governor's courage than to charge him with rashness.

With notably few exceptions, even among the bitter-enders, the delegates started for home to begin the task of putting up the party fences. The comparatively few who were displeased with the nominee had other reasons for being pleased. They had had, for Democrats, an unusually good and peaceful Convention, marked by more of Democracy's virtues and fewer of its vices than usual.

If there was a single boss in Houston, he kept in such seclusion and worked with such deftness that nobody knew of his presence. Most of the old ones, indeed, are dead, either physically or politically, and no new ones have arisen. The work of the Convention was the work of eleven hundred men and women trying, under such leadership as they found at the time, to devise a way of living together in unity.

There were no scandals, no irregularities of shameful kind. The action of the Louisiana State Central Committee in selecting delegates without calling a convention did seem to be a usurpation of authority. The excuse was that the State was prostrated by the flood and its people in no position to attend a convention. Anyhow, the contesting delegation had even a poorer show of authority. There were other minor contests of single delegates and the like, but there was no evidence of rush tactics. The Democrats had escaped that which always shames the Republicans.

ALFRED E. SMITH owes, if possible, more to Franklin Roosevelt than to Theodore Roosevelt, the younger. Much of the better feeling that came over all of the delegates except the extreme bitter-enders was due to the personality of this man who coined the phrase, "the happy warrior." I happened to be standing, at the end of one of Roosevelt's fine periods in his speech of nomination, near an elderly gentleman whom I found on my Southern trip last year to



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be an implacable opponent of Smith. He clapped very loudly. Then, putting his mouth close to my ear, he said, "I did that for Roosevelt, not for Smith."

Some others of the New York delegation and a few New Yorkers present but not delegates contributed materially to the general good feeling. Without their quiet influence, I am not sure but that acrimonious exchanges would have marred the labored harmony. Most of the Tammany delegates, however, would have done as well by their chief had they mailed their proxies.

The only place where acrimony actually did break out was in the Committee on Platform, which, laboring through two nights and a day, finally agreed on a prohibition plank with nerves and tempers frazzled out. Senator Glass, of Virginia, whose plank was adopted, was frequently in peppery conflict with Senator Tydings, of Maryland, the spokesman of the extremest wets, and other members of the Committee were not at all times tranquil. The plank as adopted is a declaration for law enforcement somewhat more vigorous than that of the Republican platform and leaving approval or condemnation of prohibition as a principle as completely out. There is nothing in the plank inconsistent with Governor Smith's statement, nothing in the statement inconsistent with the plank. The spectacle of a President vigorously enforcing a law in which he does not believe would be more edifying than that of a President inefficiently enforcing a law in which he does believe.

The stamp of Senator Glass is on the platform at other places than the prohibition plank. Glass influenced the Democratic platform almost, if not quite, as profoundly as Borah did the Republican platform. Honesty in government, finance, law enforcement—on these points the voice of the party is the clear voice of Glass.

The tariff plank stood practically as it came from the original drafters, Senator Pittman and Judge Proskauer. It marks the farthest departure that the Democratic Party has yet made from its traditional tariff position. Under it, a Fordney-McCumber tariff could be written. Perhaps it fairly represents the attitude of the party. The growing importance of the industrial South has made it impossible for the Democratic Party to remain strictly a low-tariff party. But this year's plank has the look of a bid for Eastern support.

The farmers were permitted practically to write their own plank. It is the thickest plank in the platform and, while stopping just short of indorsement of the equalization fee, it commits the party to real farm relief legislation. I believe that this plank does fairly represent the attitude of the party, but industrialists will regard it as a bid for the West just as farmers will regard the tariff plank as a bid for the East.

In fact, good as it is, the platform has too much the appearance of a drag-net —which, of course, is what all platforms actually are intended to be. But this one is something more than that.

It speaks out clearly for abolition of the lame duck Congress, for complete reorganization of the departments and bureaus and boards in Washington, for retention of water power in the control of Government. It gives Governor Smith plenty of room to do in a National way the kind of things that he has done as Governor of New York. It goes wild in demanding immediate independence for the Philippines and, as some will think, in demanding practical abolition of the injunction in labor disputes, but, in the main, it may be called a progressive and not a radical platform.

In the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President, too, the Democrats did better than might have been expected, better in one sense than parties usually do. The selection of Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, was not made in confusion at the end of the Convention. It began in Washington as long ago as last January. Tom Heflin saw it and, in one of his tirades, charged it. The selection of Robinson as Permanent Chairman of the Convention was a part of a plan which, at times, came close to being upset, but which finally went to triumphant consummation.

Robinson is a worthy opponent of Curtis. They have led their respective parties in the Senate for years past, and have done it well. There is no cause for apprehension as to what Robinson would do if he should become President. He is not one of the Nation's biggest men, but he is one of its sanest. I wonder if it would be out of place to suggest the hope that, as a measure of tolerance, there will be as little opposition to Robinson because of his section as I believe there will be to Smith in the South because of his religion.

The delegates to the Democratic Convention of 1928 left Houston with differences of opinion just as marked as when they came. But they left without having those opinions rubbed raw by violent friction. In that connection, a word should be said for a much misunderstood and misrepresented man, Clem Shaver, retiring Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He took charge in 1924 of a party already defeated by dissension. He turns over to his successor a party as nearly united as it is possible for the Democratic Party to be under the circumstances. He attained negative harmony by inaction through the greater part of four years and a fair approach to positive harmony at the Jackson's Day dinner in Washington and finally here at the Convention.

But on each occasion there was one moment when harmony trembled on the brink, almost shaken from its base by the ill-considered stampings of the same man, Governor Ritchie, of Maryland. This Convention was for a moment almost out of hand just before it nominated Alfred E. Smith, when Governor Ritchie, blundering into the belief that Governor Moody, of Texas, had submitted a minority prohibition plank, started to launch an attack upon the drys. Those who heard the proceedings over radio probably know better than those of us who sat in the hall how other men on the platform labored to head it off. It may be that Governor Ritchie's position on prohibition does not materially differ from that of Governor Smith, but the fact remains that a fight at that time would have done irreparable injury. When the Convention approached adjournment without any fights and Governor Smith stated his own position, it but increased his reputation for honesty and courage.

And so the Democratic Party goes into the campaign with a chance to win, a position which it has not occupied before since 1916. Westerners believe that it can make inroads in the farm country. Men from the border States, even from the middle group of Gulf States, admit difficulties but believe they can hold their lines. Eastern men, even Pennsylvanians, believed as the Convention drew to a close that they could demonstrate opportunities for success.

There are grounds for suspecting that this is the year of change, of political remakings. In any event, the campaign will be a race, not a procession.

The issue is Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith.



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# School and the Very Young Child

*By* BERTRAND RUSSELL

A most important lesson for the child, one that will pay good dividends in adult years, is to learn that he is not unique; that the world is full of children with equal rights and contrary desires. And the best place to acquire this priceless knowledge, Mr. Russell points out, is in contact with his equals. The school for the very young child seems to be a logical and necessary consequence of the limitation of families.

THOSE who advocate schools for the very young have to obviate, to begin with, a misunderstanding which is likely to exist in the minds of parents. It is not from any criticism of parents that such a course is recommended; it is because there are certain important advantages to the child which can only be secured through association with other children in a group. In the old-fashioned large family the home could provide something of this, although not in a wholly satisfactory form owing to the fact that the children in one family are all of different ages and that age in childhood constitutes a very definite aristocracy. A most important part of education for a child is learning behavior towards his equals, and for this even the old-fashioned family offered no scope. The modern small family of one or two is almost bound to produce important physical and moral defects in children unless parents take great care to provide constant companionship with children of other families.

Careful surveys of the children of the well-to-do, both in America and in England, show that the great majority in the years from two to six will not take sufficient food unless they are coaxed in various ways, and often not even then. Sleep, also, is often a difficulty, and so is evacuation. All this is due to the fact that the child gets more attention than is good for him. He is surrounded by anxious grown-ups who are always urging him to do what he ought to do spontaneously. The child soon learns to exploit the power which their anxiety gives him. Moreover, the society of grown-up people is too stimulating intellectually and is very apt to be the cause of mental fatigue. Careful parents are anxious that their child should show intelligence. They give praise or blame or both much too frequently. Praise makes the child unduly active, while blame makes him unduly passive. A child has his own natural tempo, and care should be taken neither to accelerate nor to retard it.

Fearlessness is another quality which cannot easily be acquired by a child who is continually watched with eyes of anxious affection. And moral discipline in the home is almost inevitably too lax or too severe. Either the child is allowed to do whatever comes into his head without having to consider other people at all, or else he is curbed in all kinds of natural impulses, in themselves perfectly harmless but inconvenient in adult surroundings.

MOST of these troubles solve themselves as soon as children are collected together in a group. The excessive attention characteristic of the small family becomes impossible. At meals the child eats or does not eat, as he chooses. In a very short time he learns that making a fuss does not produce the pleasant consequences which it did at home, but merely leads to his going hungry. After he has gone hungry without becoming the center of attention two or three times, he acquires a natural appetite and begins to eat with zest. The same thing applies to sleep and evacuation, in regard to both of which, also, the factor of group suggestion is very important. The moral education of the child is taken in hand by the other children in a vigorous and natural fashion quite impossible for any grown-up person. A child who is unduly selfish or grasping soon becomes unpopular; so does a child who is cruel. Unpopularity has all kinds of very obvious disadvantages, so that the child learns social behavior to his equals, not through moralizing, which seldom achieves its end, but through the natural lessons of experience. When the child is not engaged in actual lessons, he is playing with other children, using his mind only in ways that are natural to his age, not stretching it continually in an attempt to understand what grown-up people say and do.

Except as regards the hours of definite lessons, it is very difficult to distinguish between the intellectual, moral, and physical sides of early education. The rules that make for health make also for intelligence and for the development of character. Virtue and intellect, at any rate, in childhood, are to a great extent a function of digestion. This in turn depends not only upon diet, but also upon the right amount of physical exertion, neither too much nor too little. The right amount, of course, varies from child to child, and is a matter that can only be determined by careful observation. Town-bred children are much more easily tired than those accustomed to the country. This difference wears off at the end of about a year of country life, but not sooner.

INTELLIGENCE depends upon two factors, interest and fearlessness. Mental fearlessness is, as a rule, carefully extirpated in the young. It is customary to make every possible attempt to prevent them thinking, at least openly and consciously, about the matters which naturally interest them, so that their thinking becomes first furtive and then unconscious. I believe that half the stupidity of the human race is due to this process, which, of course, especially affects women and has much to do with their lack of initiative in adult life. If you wish to produce human beings who are to be fearless and intelligent, you must never, under no matter what provocation, allow yourself to say, "Hush, hush," or to be shocked by the thoughts to which they give expression. If you are shocked by the ideas of a child, that does not prove that the child is shocking, but only that you are ignorant of psychology. Education has, unfortunately, been mainly undertaken by two classes of persons: one who thought that children were little angels, and the other who thought they were limbs of Satan. Very few have been able to regard them scientifically as products of natural forces and at the same time to feel for them that warm affection without which it is useless to attempt any intimate dealings with them. Children take a spontaneous and perfectly harmless interest in all the matters which prudish adults consider improper. The right



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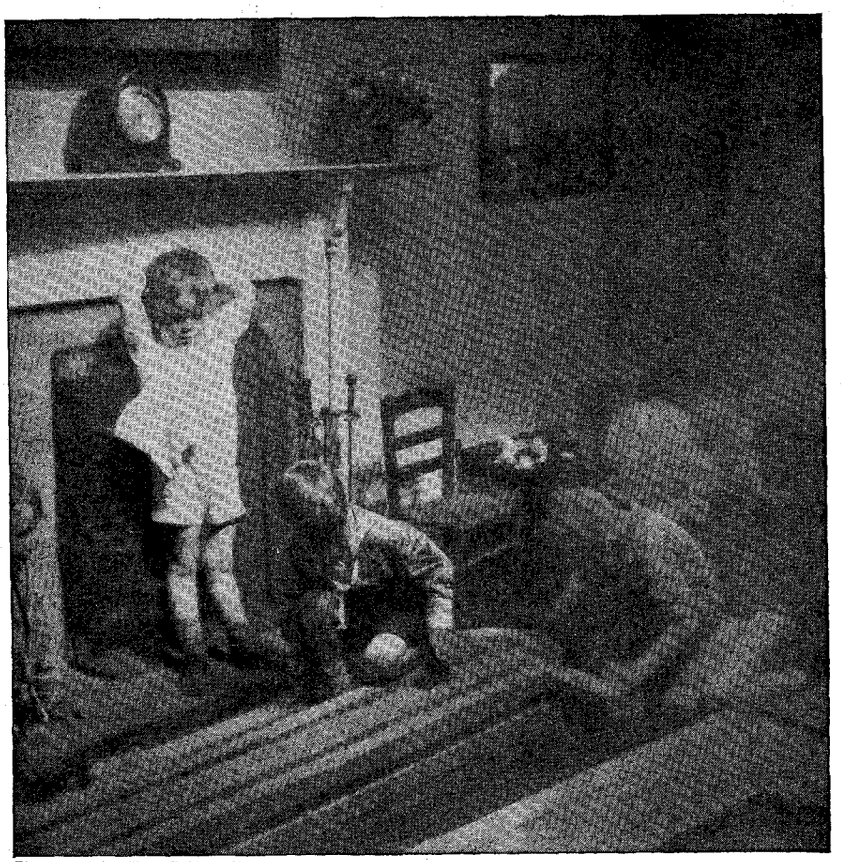

Photograph by Clara E. Sipprell

LEARNING BEHAVIOR TOWARDS THEIR EQUALS

**A group of children of four in the Birch Wathen School, in New York City**

way to deal with this interest is to give it scientific satisfaction, in which case it becomes wholesomely absorbed into the general pursuit of knowledge. There are two wrong ways of dealing with it: one, the usual way of suppression, which leads, as is now known, to a number of nervous disorders, sometimes grave, sometimes less serious. In spite of its proved harmfulness, this is still the way approved by the police and the magistrates, who consider that no attempt ought to be made to save children from insanity. The other way, almost equally harmful, looks to the adult almost like the proper method, but is in fact very different. This other way is to talk to children about matters considered indecent while deriving one's self a certain indecent pleasure from doing so. Only those who are pure in heart can behave rightly in this matter, and the pure in heart are those who are neither shocked nor pleased by the absence of conventional reticence. The ordinary attitude of "virtuous" mankind on these subjects is so obscene and repressive that it is impossible to bring up children to be decent and fearless unless one can create an atmosphere and environment for them considerably different from the usual one. During the tender, impressionable years they need to be protected from contamination, and contamination comes quite as much from the prudish as from the admittedly vicious. The fundamental principle to be borne in mind is that all knowledge is good, and that a virtue based upon ignorance is both precarious and unreal. To make distinctions between good knowledge and bad knowledge leads to stupidity, cowardice, and nervous disorders.

We said a moment ago that intelligence depends upon the two factors, fearlessness and interest. Interest itself is compounded of curiosity and love of power. Curiosity leads to what may be called a disinterested pursuit of learning, while love of power provides the dynamic element in the search for knowledge. Both have an important part to play in education. Intelligent children are interested when they learn the facts of astronomy, and here it is only curiosity, not love of power, that is involved. One of the important differences between intelligent and stupid people consists of the intensity and quality of their curiosity. Nothing must be done to check curiosity, and, on the contrary, opportunities must be provided for its pleasurable satisfaction after a suitable amount of effort. In intellectual education one of the most important things is that the amount of effort required to obtain knowledge should be neither too great nor too small. There must be some effort in order that the child may feel a sense of achievement in acquiring knowledge, but there must not be too much effort, or else the acquisition of knowledge becomes painful, and therefore distasteful; this is the main point in the technique of teaching. But here also it is necessary to take account of the individual child and his capacities. One child will be bored by explanations which he finds superfluous, while another will be baffled by their absence. This is one reason that individual work is so much better than the old-fashioned class work, because in individual work a child continues by his own efforts until the moment when he feels that help is indispensable, and it is not necessary to go at a uniform pace, too slow for the clever child and too fast for the stupid one.

Love of power is a tremendous incentive where it can be applied. It is the source of a boy's interest in machinery, and can therefore be utilized throughout scientific education. Love of power is a wholly good motive when directed to the control of animal nature, but becomes much more questionable when directed to the control of human beings. For this reason it is desirable, morally as well as intellectually, to give children as much opportunity as possible for every kind of construction, but care should be taken to make them feel that the most interesting kinds of construction are only rendered possible by the existence of a good deal of knowledge not quite obviously connected with them. Few children enjoy arithmetic on its own account, but the necessity of arithmetic can easily be made evident to those who want wood for making a box or paper for papering a wall.

In intellectual learning there must always be a good deal which is not very interesting. Here emulation will prove a help. I do not believe in a fiercely competitive system, but I think the emu-



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lation which grows up naturally when a number of children are working through the same text-book is all to the good. Nobody objects to emulation in athletics, because there we think that excellence is really important. Those who attach equal importance to intellectual excellence will be prepared to allow the use of this motive in the classroom as well as in the playing field.

One of the most important and difficult things in school education is the elimination of cruelty, more especially of course of the bigger children towards the smaller. The children at our school are mostly either only children or one of two. They have learned at home how to behave towards grown-up people, but not how to behave towards other children. Thrown together in a group, the first effect of the degree of freedom which is essential to any true education is to cause furious indignation against other children for not treating them with the same consideration to which they have been accustomed from affectionate parents. Consequently, there is at first a great deal of fighting and quarreling. The weaker children run to the grown-ups for protection, while the stronger stand over them in insolent triumph. If we were to adopt in this situation the attitude of complete indifference which some educational reformers recommend, the result would be very hard upon the smaller or less pugnacious children. There would soon be established a tyranny of one or two muscular bullies. This situation must, of course, be prevented. The way to prevent it is not quite so obvious as the old-fashioned disciplinarian might suppose. We do not desire that absence of bullying should depend at each moment upon adult supervision. What we desire is that the impulse to it should cease. The way to do this is to create a sense of happiness and free activity. When a bigger child tyrannizes over a smaller one, it is partly by way of revenge for the tyranny which adults exercise over him. There is a certain blind rage in his soul which seeks whatever outlet it can find. This state of rage may easily exist in a suppressed form, not only in homes where there is old-fashioned discipline, but also in those where every impulse of the child is checked by what is thought to be the influence of love. It does not do to try to make a child gentle beyond what is natural at his years. He should not be talked to in a serious and pained voice; he should not be prevented from being boisterous, nor even from being pugnacious so long as his pugnacity is restrained within limits compatible with the happiness of other children. Never appeal to what is called a child's better nature. This at best produces in him hypocrisy combined with a desire for escape.

When a child does something which must be stopped, such, for example, as throwing a knife at another child or putting pepper in a smaller child's eyes, do not express moral indignation or make the child feel that he is a pariah. Express, if you feel it, a breezy and spontaneous anger, and inflict upon the child, if you will, some quite immediate and obvious punishment of a not too severe kind. Let the child feel that you are going to prevent such behavior, but do not let him feel that you are horrified at it, and take care to find out what it is in his psychology that leads to outbursts of rage or cruelty, so that you may supply for his vital energy some more harmless outlet. Every vigorous child has an itch for activity and achievement; if his activities are undesirable and his achievements deplorable, that will be because he has not found out how to get a more legitimate satisfaction. A child who throws a knife at another may be just as well satisfied by shooting an arrow at a target; he will not be satisfied by a mere injunction to sit still and be good.

Persons who are to deal with children should get their ideas from machines rather than from animals. Everybody knows that when an automobile will not go it is useless to make eloquent orations to it, or to tell it that other automobiles will point the finger of scorn at it, or to lose one's temper and swear at it. Everybody realizes at once that the only thing to do is to find out what is wrong and put it right. If only this state of mind could be induced in those who deal with children, the improvement in education would be colossal. Unfortunately, both children and animals can be to a certain extent controlled by the easier method of terror; where animals are concerned there may not be much harm in this method, but where children are concerned it has the drawback that either they must remain cowards all their lives or else as they get older they must lose the only motive for virtue that has ever been put before them. I shall perhaps be told that children may be controlled, not by terror, but by love. I confess, though here I shall perhaps lose the sympathy of the reader, that I consider love almost as bad as terror when used as a motive force to make children behave. To explain why is a little difficult, but nevertheless I must make an attempt.

Love as a motive is somewhat complex. It may be indistinguishable from fear—that is to say, the fear of disapproval from parent or teacher may be what really gives motive force to the child's affection. In that case, there is the objection to it that there is to all fear. Again, especially in older children, love may acquire its motive force from the desire for imitation. This is undesirable, since imitative conduct is in a sense untrue to one's own personality. The only right way to promote good conduct is through directing the spontaneous energy of the child into channels which are on the whole useful, or at least harmless. We must not build dams against his vital energy, but direct it into courses in which it will flow with the same satisfaction to himself as in the course from which we diverted it.

Several of our children, on being asked who taught them to read, have answered: "Nobody taught me; I learnt for myself." When they were then asked: "But I thought So-and-So taught you," they answered: "Oh, no, So-and-So was there, but didn't teach me." Needless to say, So-and-So's rôle was not really so passive as the child imagined, but the child was right in saying that his own energy had helped him to learn, and not an outside control. The energy of a child is like that of a locomotive; if you provide it with rails, it will go swiftly and smoothly in the direction of the rails; if you do not, it will plow up the neighborhood and bring itself to disaster. It is no use to suppose that the energy can be supplied from without by moral or intellectual means; the generation of energy is a physiological matter, and the only thing that can be done by mental methods is to direct it or obstruct it. The latter is to be avoided altogether; the former is to be used only so far as may be necessary in order to fit the child for his place in the world, taking account always of the directions in which he wishes to move.

Where there is health there will be vigor, and where there is vigor there must be activity. The impulse to activity is partly general, partly more or less specific. Both needs must be supplied. There must be enough activity,

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# The Return of Sentiment

*By* LEONARD BACON

Literary America, says Mr. Bacon, has been cursed for twenty years with a cynicism which was the result of third-rate feeling coupled with a second-rate thought stupid beyond the dreams of imbecility. But he foresees a happier future, and cites as evidence such works as "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

THIS article is written out of considerable ignorance of a complex subject whose elements are particularly difficult to define. Nevertheless the writer, having been to some slight degree a participant in the stormy confusion of contemporary literature, feels that his testimony may have a certain value, just as the report of an eyewitness on the edge of a great military operation may have a certain value for the expert who wishes to comprehend the campaign.

Before launching into my discussion I ought, however, to make a confession as to certain prejudices. Believing as I do that literature is an intensely individual art, I must make haste to state that I take little stock in certain expressions much employed by critics, viz.: school, movement, tendency, trend. These categories are for the most part pigeonholes into which the orderly-minded put authors for convenience, as they file letters. In process of time the filing system becomes more important than what is filed, and presently we are told that an individual artist has certain qualities, good or bad, because he belongs to a group of whom these qualities have come by convention to be postulated. Thingumbob and Whatshisname, say the critics, are both nature poets. Instantly the two unfortunates are bracketed, and any critic worth his ten dollars a column can make direct hits at the next salvo. The motives which drove Thingumbob to discourse passionately about the celandine are completely different from the languorous associations which produced Whatshisname's sonnet on the dog-rose. Their methods are different, and their results are different. But the critic should worry. He now has verge enough to bring his *clichés* clanking into action, which nine times out of ten is all he cares about. The reader, numb from the bombardment, gradually succumbs. And in due course Thingumbob and Whatshisname are Siamese twins whom death cements more closely each to each.

AFTER these remarks I feel sure the reader will acquit me of any overwhelming faith in tendency and influence. So far as such things exist at all, we feel them as fish feel a tide or birds a wind. What I mean by an influence is an immense uncontrolled force which we do not originate, and which affects us whether we will or no. For example, the Romantic movement was a rather indescribable state of the European mind, a sort of spiritual spring-tide. The sun of sentiment and the moon of interest in almost anything opposed to eighteenth-century rationalism, such as Gothic antiquity and undiscovered countries, got in line, and the waters were immensely troubled. But the coteries and cliques did not originate the movement. They were swept along by it. The men of Weimar and the English Lakes were only the whales among an infinity of herring. And presently the flood of interest ebbed, and Goethe and Wordsworth were left "high and dry in an unfamiliar century," sadly changed by the experience.

The figure is of course hoary with age. But the huge ebb and flood which carries the souls of men out and in, vague as it is, has at least the merit of enabling us to visualize a little what happens to us psychologically and artistically in this peculiar world, and it will, I think, enable me to indicate with becoming diffidence what has happened to us in the recent past and what is happening to us now.

TWENTY years ago in America and in Europe the minds of many men assumed a peculiar attitude. This attitude took a thousand forms, but it was always essentially the same and it made every one uncomfortable. It made age weary and youth blasé. It ruined conversation, particularly conversation between men and women or with one's elders. It stamped everything in a hard mold. It demanded a steely epigrammatic quality in art and letters. It insisted on bitter contrasts and harsh paradoxes. "No weakness," it said, "no yielding." Nor after twenty years of it can I think of a better name for it than damned foolishness. The essence of the attitude was to make life a sort of toy concerning which it was appropriate to jest. Oscar Wilde, James McNeil Whistler, Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Bernard Shaw in bad moments, all encouraged that attitude which it was felt helped one to escape from a danger by asserting that the danger did not exist. The danger was vague, but we knew where it lurked. And that was why we hated the Victorians. We said they were prudes. We were beginning to say they were repressed, but O God! we knew that was not the real reason. The reason was that they were shameless. They did what, according to the greatest man I know, uncultivated man hates most of all things. To blurt it out in all its naked horror, they—they showed their feelings.

SOMEHOW that was more than we could bear. You never knew what trouble an emotion might get you into. Even our slight experience told us that much. On the edge of one's feelings it was too easy to become giddy and fall into abysms where our refined thought could not take refuge in the salubrious epigram, which seldom breaks real bones and furthermore can be repeated if one is careful of one's audiences. Decidedly our hearts would never be on our sleeves. That particular form of exhibitionism would not do, but another kind would.

It did. And so began the ruthless age, the ebb and backwash of the Victorians. That tide going out was one of the least charming spectacles on record. I, for one, did not know there were so many dead cats anywhere. Two kinds of men were at home in the mess—men who were superficially clever and men who were fundamentally brutal, the men who were too wrapped up in brilliance to care about facts and the men who were too wrapped up in facts to care about brilliance. They produced books which in the long run will be about equally dull. But it is curious to think of Ronald Firbank in the same limbo with some "stream of consciousness" brutalitarian.

In other words, the writers of whom I

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# Polo—Collegiate and Charity

*By* HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THERE was glory enough for the two finalists in the Intercollegiate Polo championships, held in the mist and on the slippery going of the field of the Westchester Biltmore Country Club the day following the New London boat race. Conditions were such as to put a great premium on horsemanship, and in this respect there was nothing to choose between Yale, the winner by the score of 11 to 5, and Pennsylvania Military College, the gallant runner-up. Just a shade faster mounting and a shade better stick work enabled the Blue to come home to another championship.

The tournament was something of a contrast with its predecessor of last year. While there were splendid individualists in action—such as Oliver Wallop, the "cowboy Peer" of Yale, Dan Jones, one of the best Backs the colleges have ever turned out, and Arthur Borden, of Princeton—the keynote of the tournament was the survival and ultimate triumph of the best team-play. Wallop, fine horseman as he is, would never have been such a sensation without the smooth support of Phipps, Baldwin, and Scott. A year ago Winston Guest dominated the field, not even excepting Forrester Clark, Harvard's giant Back. That is the encouraging feature of intercollegiate play in recent years—it rests upon delicate generalship and the mastery of flexible formation, such as many Meadow Brook veterans possess.

It is inevitable, of course, that in the college game background will have its effect. That is polo. There are polo families here and there in which heredity seems to have its soundest proof, in sport at least. After that comes the background of summer play with good clubs. In the case of P. M. C. the background goes no deeper than the school itself. But *that* background is famous. The mounts never, perhaps, can quite match those of the universities, but the horsemanship certainly can. And as a rule so can the stick work, which in P. M. C.'s case is as much a matter of drill as the use of the saber. Both teams played the very soundest of styles, but the Yale mounting allowed the team to put on extra bursts of speed on critical occasions. And that, of course, is fatal to one's opponents.

Princeton and Harvard were a little unfortunate this year. There had been hard luck and illness on the Crimson four, and this time it was impossible to stage a dramatic post-boat-race appearance by Clark. Princeton was not quite sufficiently rounded a team to support such a brilliant stroker as Borden. As for the West Pointers, they had an off year and were building all over again. This very matter of fields is interesting. P. M. C. beat Yale last March for the indoor championship on a restricted field where they were not so overmatched by the straightaway speed of mounts. Handiness was needed to a greater extent. Stretched out the full distance at Westchester, Yale was unbeatable. With both Yale and Princeton now having adequate fields, there will be no further complaint on that score. The Army is working on one now under the Corps of Engineers. P. M. C. has been well fixed for years, in a situation where polo has become an institution, not merely to the school, but to the countryside.

Just now an individual appreciation or so. Ollie Wallop is one of the most interesting men on any field. He looks like a blue ghost, since his physique is slight, but it is all gristle and muscle, and he can hit not only tremendously but accurately. The horsemanship is flawless, and he makes an all but perfect No. 1 of the smaller type. In this respect he is a complete contrast to Guest, who after he left Yale last season developed himself into one of the best of the heavier type of outposts. His hitting when near the goal I consider even better than that of Guest. Young Baldwin comes of a long line of players. Right now there are more young Baldwins all over the place in Hawaii. This one, F. C., has the same characteristics as the rest of the family—accuracy and splendid head work at high speed. He makes an excellent No. 3, and fine players in this position are scarce.

Arthur Borden, a son of General Howard Borden, had plenty of field experience in the New Jersey sector before he went to Princeton. He rides a long stirrup leather and plies a long mallet. Strangely enough, for a man about six feet four, while he is good enough on the long-distance feeding shots, he is really a master of the deft nursing strokes all around his mount. With these he is often deadly.

When it came to power this season, Dan Jones, of P. M. C., easily had the call. He has bulk in the shoulders and back, but is by no means muscle-bound, and his stroking is very hard. Especially expert is he on the knock-ins when it is necessary to get the ball well up the field. This hitting out from behind his goal alone would make him extremely valuable to any team. But he is also a "cagey" leader and knows how to swing his team about him as he comes spurring up the field. They teach generalship all the time at this school, and Jones is an especially fine example of that teaching.

Because of the weather the tournament this year was not nearly as brilliant as usual, but if there was not a large crowd there were plenty present who are leaders in the game. The young and coming player is less interested in the size of the crowd that watches him in action than in its critical quality, for, unlike some men in other sports, he thrives on criticism. Unlike the player of other games, he knows that, save in exceptional cases, he has close to six years of constant play before him before he can land up with the top-notchers. And the criticism helps.

There is to me one unfortunate feature of the Intercollegiates. That is the absence of Norwich University, which comes from Northfield, Vermont. Here is probably the oldest cavalry school in the country, and pathetically without funds for traveling polo. This is a little hint for some sportsman and philanthropist who could know that he was helping an institution that sent its quota even to the Mexican War.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, JR., captain of America's new Big Four in polo, now very much in the making, tore loose for sweet charity's sake on the beautiful field at Sands Point the other day, where a hand-picked crowd of enthusiasts watched him score eleven goals of the fifteen that Sands Point piled up against a picked-up Meadow Brook four that, despite the best efforts of Bobby Strawbridge, was continually on the defensive. The best that Meadow Brook could do



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was five goals, which shows just how close the thing would have been had some one been able to eliminate the new American captain. Whether it was because the Milk Fund appealed especially to Tommy on the day, or he considered himself in ripe form to let go, or for the greater glory of the new and flourishing club, or for all of these reasons, the young American captain was out there playing polo of unmistakable international brand. When Tommy gives he gives, albeit his largess was not appreciated by his opponents, toward whom he had no charitable inclinations that were discernible.

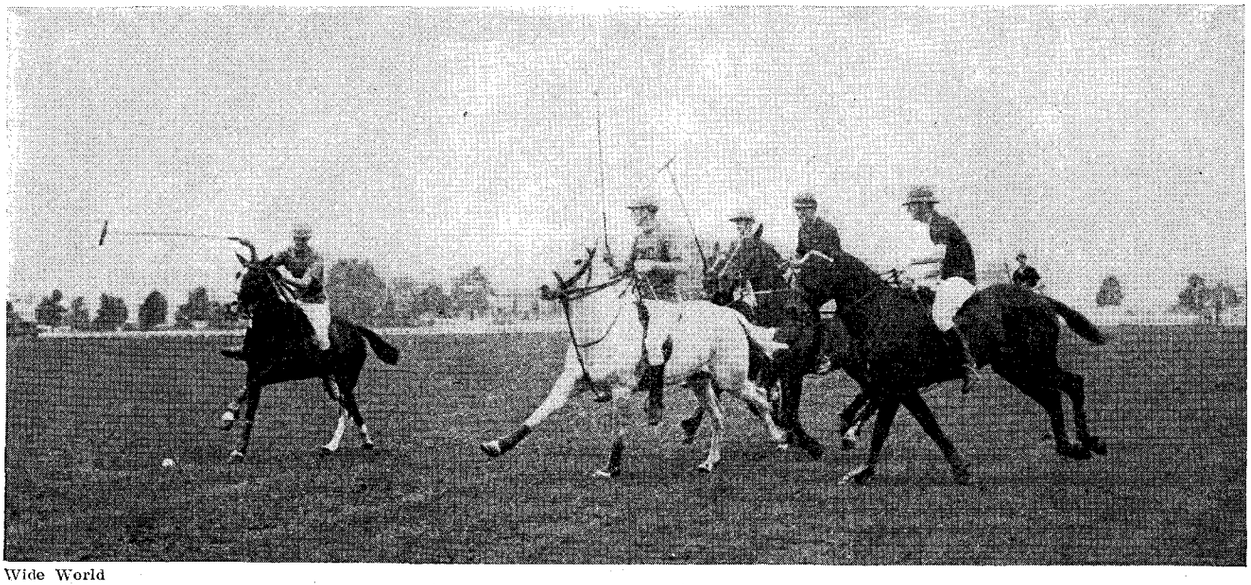
This was one of those fortunate undertakings in which there were combined very much of a show and smart sport. Some idea of the pace of the game may be gained from the fact that there were two internationalists, Hitchcock and Mike Stevenson, in action, and three international substitutes—Captain Wilkinson, Strawbridge, and Cheever Cowdin. The luster of the others was therefore somewhat dimmed, although plenty of workmanlike polo was turned in by Dr. Richards, Averell Harriman, Captain Wilkinson, Cheever Cowdin, and Captain Peter Rodes. There was hardly a man on the field who might not be considered a candidate for the new Big Four. At least there is little doubt that they so considered themselves. The colorful crowd of ten thousand and a band provided the show. I have called this crowd hand-picked for the reason that Sands Point is drawing the same attendance these days that turns out regularly at Meadow Brook.

Word that Hitchcock, who was never in better shape than he is right now, was ready to go at top speed, had spread pretty well over Long Island, and there was a vast amount of interest in the leadership that he would show. That leadership was splendidly in evidence, and if there were any who doubted that a team could be as thoroughly engineered from the No. 2 position as from Back they went away converted. For the Sands Point team-work was close to perfection at all times. The formation of Harriman, Hitchcock, Richards, and Cowdin swung around Tommy, of course, but it swung around him when he was at No. 2, or back at No. 3, a post he sometimes assumed, or wherever he chose to be, with equal facility. One had expected, of course, that Tommy would play his own position to perfection, and that he would bring off his famous long "skied" strokes "off the irons," which means standing in his stirrups, as only he in all the world can do, but the generalship with which he handled his team was to many an unexpected revelation.

So well drilled was this Sands Point outfit of his that the young leader always knew without looking around the positions of the men behind him, and he called to these players again and again without turning his head. It is true that Hitchcock made more openings for his team mates than they did for him, but that did not imply that the formations were not well made. In dealing with such perfection of maneuver it is perhaps a little unkind to criticise any one player, but there is something that must be said about Harriman's work at No. 1. He did some hard riding and made many a pretty shot, but his one failure lay in not taking enough room in front of Hitchcock. He should have been farther out most of the time, I think. That, however, is one of the drawbacks to playing in front of the young terrorist of the polo field. Any good No. 1 is prone still to consider that he has some responsibilities on the defense. It is a quite natural tendency. But in front of the American captain there is no defense responsibility whatever. It takes time even for the best players to learn that. Had Stevenson, Meadow Brook No. 3, been in better form, he might have ridden Hitchcock harder than he did, but as it was, most of that duty was left to Strawbridge. Stevenson is a slow starter, and in addition has been suffering from injuries. He will come along in due time.

For the Meadow Brook players the Army contingent, Peter Rodes at No. 2 and Wilkinson at No. 1, did not perform any too well, but they might have been better mounted, and then, too, Cowdin, of the yellow-jacketed Sands Point defense, was turning in one of his very neat games, and Dr. Richards was doing as well as I have ever seen him do in such fast company. I think Hitchcock was bringing him out a bit.

It was a disappointment to find that Devereux Milburn, the Old Master, was unable to referee, but a pleasure to find Captain J. Wesley White, of the Army, once more on the job. There is no better polo official in the land than this officer, who handled the Argentine matches two years ago. He is not any too strict just now, but I suspect that he is gradually working up to tournament pitch. In the internationals he is inexorable, and nothing escapes him. They'll be keeping it up at Sands Point every Sunday practically all summer.



Wide World

**Yale presses the P. M. C.'s defense in the Intercollegiate Polo championship**



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# Miniatures from the Life

*By* IBBY HALL

## A Dollar

NOT long ago, a prisoner charged with wife-beating was brought before justice.

The man had little to say for himself. Yes, it was true. He had struck his wife, to whom he had been married twenty years. No, he had not been intoxicated. Well, he guessed he had sort of lost his temper.

The culprit was a gentle-looking man, not over forty. Yes, he had been married young. Seven children. But—his face brightened as he remembered—they were nearly all grown now and earning their own money.

The justice was puzled. Here was the very model of a sober, industrious American citizen. Arrested for beating his wife! Well, well! The justice called for testimony.

It appeared from testimony that the man's story was true. For twenty years he had devoted himself to working for his family. For twenty years, every week, he had dutifully carried home to his wife his pay envelope—unopened. For twenty years she had given him his car-fare, allowing him fifty cents extra for spending money. (It must be understood that seven children were expensive.) But one day, on his way home in the evening, the thought had come to him that now at last all seven children were raised. Were a credit to him. Were self-supporting. His pride, at the thought, had become swollen, and with it his courage. He had gazed on the pay envelope in his hand; without waiting to reach home, he had opened it. The good citizen had taken out his own car-fare, and in addition he had raised himself to one dollar for his personal use.

The remainder of his pay he had then taken home to his wife. When she had recovered from the shock, the storm of her anger raged around him for a long time. At last the lightning struck. She ordered him to leave the house.

At this point in the story the accused spoke up to the bench. For twenty years he had been content with fifty cents, and now she wanted to turn him out. But he had refused to go, the defendant assured the judge. He had beaten her, instead.

The judge drew a deep breath of relief. It is not often that one's faith in mankind is justified. The judge went further. He declared that if this man wanted to indulge in a little disorderly conduct he, for one, felt that he had earned the right to do it. Beyond that, he could only add that the case was dismissed.

## Two Friends

SOMEWHERE out West there lived a little Boston bulldog whose best friend was a horse. The human beings to whom they belonged lived in their own house; but the horse and the Boston bull lived in their own barn, which they much preferred to any building they knew of.

The days belonging to these two were full of adventures, for they had found that life shared between them was just twice as exciting as the lone existence of dog or horse. The horse, due to his greater height, saw life on a very superior level. The dog, on the other hand, must confine himself to a lower plane—to objects that rolled or rustled, bounced or waved, not higher, generally speaking, than three feet from the ground. But the horse labored under the disadvantage of having always to travel in a single direction, whereas the dog was free to roam where and how his fancy took him.

Wherever the horse went the dog followed closely at his heels, except for those moments when the larger animal was forced to stand and wait. At these times the bulldog would follow his bent for unlawful adventure. His ears were sharp, however, and he rarely missed the sound of starting hoofs. On occasions the horse would give a most tremendous neigh which he was sure could be heard ten miles distant. Iron locks and steel bars could not have detained the little bulldog at that sound.

But night-time was the time of real enjoyment for these two cronies. It was then that they had their precious barn quite to themselves. No other world existed. Rats and tramps alike were an indifferent pest, kept easily at a distance by the watchful bulldog, for these were carefully guarded hours when each animal related the marvelous discoveries and adventures of his unique experience.

It was after one of these entertaining evenings that the little bulldog fell into a sleep of exciting dreams. He had, perhaps, enjoyed himself too much in the pleasures of the day or allowed his imagination to become overheated during the evening's recital. Whatever the fault, it was a restless and uncomfortable night. He dreamed that his friend the horse was a chipmunk and refused to come down from the distant branches of a tall tree. He dreamed he was the mascot of a fire-engine house where all the alarms were ringing, and the horse, harnessed to a big red engine, was prancing wildly in his desire to reach the newest excitement. Deep in slumber he began to whine and growl. The smoke of the fire was blowing into his nostrils. Danger was all about him. His hair began to stand on end. The horse was kicking the fire-engine to pieces! Suddenly, close to his ear, sounded that tremendous neigh. The bulldog awoke.

He awoke coughing. A dread and suffocating odor filled the barn. A weird and changing light, growing brighter with the seconds, threw a great contorted shadow of his friend that reached the rafters of the barn—a shadow that danced grotesquely as the horse pawed the stall, wrenching to free himself from his imprisoning rope.

The bulldog wasted not a second. He dashed through the doorway of the barn into the clear reviving air of early dawn without even noticing that at last he could breathe again. He stayed only long enough in that clear atmosphere to reach the house and bark his throat raw in his effort to give the alarm. For there was only that one minute to spare. Behind him in the building, now brighter than sunlight, was that imprisoning rope and that struggling horse. Like a shot he was back again in the burning barn. He reached the stall and the rope in the same second. No time now either for encouragement or assurance. Every ounce of muscle and devotion that was dog was concentrated in the tearing of teeth on that resisting hemp.

Slowly and more densely the blanket of smoke folded around the two friends. Hotter and more bright the flames crept nearer. But the little dog did not stop.

When the rescuers found them, the frayed rope would have parted at the gentlest pull. But even that faint effort had been beyond the dying strength of the two friends. They lay close and undivided in their last adventure.



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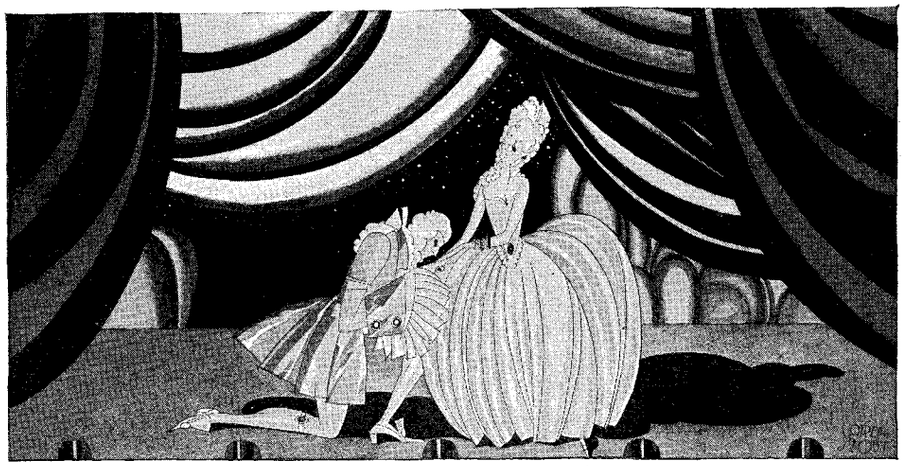
# Drawing-Room Musical Comedy



INDULGING in surmise is, we suppose, one of the lowest forms of intellectual sport. But it is difficult not to speculate somewhat when leaving the latest summer musical comedy, "Say When," offered by Elisabeth Marbury and Carl Reed at the Morosco Theatre. For it seems almost too evident that some months ago, somebody—whether the producers or the authors of the piece we don't know—said to themselves: "Go to! It's about time for a good old-fashioned parlor musical show without the roughness of Broadway. Let's have one to which all the débutantes can go—one which will really be a stage version of society as we know it."

"Say When" is the result. We have a dim memory that it was originally either a book or a play by Amelie Rives called "Love in a Mist," and as such it might have been excellent. But to be brief about it, it isn't much now. It's just a piece that is set to engaging music, modest, innocuous, pleasant, and slightly soporific—one can take all one's maiden aunts in a crowd and a good time will be had by all. It has parlor songs and college girls, and a most demure love story, set in a most proper social setting and with scarcely any concessions to the professional traditions of Broadway.

Without any reservation—such a show is very pleasant. There's a good jazz orchestra, the scenery is delightful, the girls are exceedingly well bred; at least they appeared so to us, although we were a trifle alarmed when it became apparent that they distinctly looked down upon the chorus men. In fact, they were even a little bored as well as faintly amused by the efforts of the composer and playwright and stage director to keep them satisfied with the show. We understand such boredom is the mode now.

Certainly, if some one had blindfolded us and led us into the Morosco Theatre without any previous knowledge of where we were going, and then suddenly had commanded us to open our eyes and observe, we would have sworn that we were at a college show at Bryn Mawr or Wellesley. Good voices, amateur acting, very presentable girls, all in the proper clothes! As it was, we were about to depart finally with very little to say when there suddenly appeared on the stage a young colored lady, who, to our amazement, disclosed about three thousand tons of "It," plus all the child-like humor and ability of her race. Clearly, thought we, Mr. Ziegfeld has heard of "Say When's" difficulties and sent a new colored star down from "Show Boat"! And we sat down again.

To our mind, this colored girl (her name is Cora La Redd) is unusual—that is, she's very unusual viewed in "Say When." In an ordinary Broadway show she might not stand out with such great individuality. But in her present part, in her present mild environment, she brings down the house; and there is presented to the spectator the unusual spectacle of all Miss Marbury's débutantes completely outclassed by a product of Harlem. So far as we were concerned, one roll of her eyes was worth twenty minutes of dancing by the leading characters.

All of which is our way of saying that "Say When" would be a considerably better entertainment if its cast contained people of greater personality, and, in particular, some one who could sing somewhere near as well as the young tenor lead. He, we imagine, will be rather popular along Park Avenue and out Greenwich way. But the rest are nothing remarkable.

The book is fair, the music is tuneful, and, if you're tired of personalities like Ed Wynn and Walter Catlett, it's a pleasing society change. As for us, we like our drawing-rooms in smaller doses, and would rather be genuinely amused when we go to the theatre.

IN fact, only one thing prevents us from saying that we'd advise summer visitors to go elsewhere. This is the extremely low percentage contained in the other new entertainments being offered to the public. In particular, "Married—and How!"

We didn't have the heart to write about this last week. Because we spent two or three dreadful hours at it and could recommend it only to people who want to see tabloid manners and morals done in a comic-strip manner. It's the old, old story—the chorus girl with the marble heart, the rich cast-iron father, and the ne'er-do-well son. The marriage after the liquor party—the disillusionment—and then the beginning of the divorce game between the chorus girl wife and the big, hard, rich father.

Whereupon intervenes the *deus ex machina*—in this case a terrible motor accident. Son hurt, father and daughter-in-law brought together, sorrow melts both, love comes to marble heart—yes, honestly, it's just like that.

A child could tell how it's going to end, and everybody acts in the most wooden way possible.

We believe the whole cast could be photographed and displayed on the front page of the "Daily Mirror" at any minute. This isn't saying that the tabloids haven't a big circulation—and lots of the subscribers must have been there the night we were; because they thought it was just grand. And we understand people are being advised to go see it. We don't advise any of the readers of The Outlook do likewise. We much prefer "Say When." Perhaps if Mr. Ziegfeld had taken "Say When" in hand and Miss Marbury had been called in on "Married—and How!" the result might have been better all around.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.



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# Egyptian Helen Comes to Vienna

Vienna.

*By* EUGENE BONNER

AT LAST, and to the no small satisfaction of all concerned, "Die ägyptische Helena," that stormy petrel of the present operatic season, has, after wars and rumors of wars, heartburnings, jealousies, and threatened postponements, had its first Vienna performance at the Staatsoper, under the direction of the composer, with Maria Jeritza in the rôle created so superbly by Elisabeth Rethberg five days before on the occasion of its première in Dresden.

Mme. Jeritza's disagreements with the management and her "resignation" from the opera here, her publicly expressed chagrin over not having been decorated by the French Government, her ultimate reconciliation with the aforesaid management, to say nothing of "statements" and denials issued right and left by the diva's consort, Baron Popper—all have taken up a great deal more space in the public prints than the importance of the matter would seem to warrant.

In short, all the permutations and combinations in the way of backing and filling, hemming and hawing, having been pretty well exhausted, the time had come for the prima donna to either get on or get out. Mme. Jeritza got on.

Having already reviewed this opera in detail, it now remains for us to make the inevitable comparisons between the performance here and in Dresden.

A third hearing of the work with the original cast the night before leaving that city, added to the hearing at the première here, confirms us in our opinion that the music, while neither ultra-modern nor startlingly original, is very beautiful, graceful, albeit extremely difficult to sing, and handled with the sureness of touch and orchestral brilliance in which Richard Strauss stands second to no living composer.

Interest in the Vienna première naturally centered in the interpretation of the rôle of Helena by Maria Jeritza. As a very large number of the audience here had also been present at the Dresden première, Mme. Jeritza had to face a situation of unusual difficulty. To challenge comparison after so short an interval, with the other performance fresh in the minds of so many of those present, would have been difficult enough under less conspicuous circumstances. But when the first performance had been of the smoothness, dignity, and poignant beauty that characterized that of Dresden, the difficulty of measuring up to that standard became well-nigh insurmountable.

Let us admit once and for all that neither vocally nor dramatically did Mme. Jeritza's performance even approach that of Mme. Rethberg. In regard to the vocal part, that surprised no one, as the Saxon prima donna has one of the most perfect organs on the operatic stage of today, and she uses it perfectly. But one would not have been surprised had the Austrian singer given us a more vivid characterization from the dramatic point of view.

Strange to say, the reverse happened as to the latter situation. Mme. Rethberg, always a fine artist, but hitherto somewhat reserved histrionically, gave a performance that for brilliance, balance, and sheer beauty made that of Mme. Jeritza seem singularly ineffectual.

The latter "acted" constantly, with no meaning half the time to her acting, indulging in her usual acrobatics and posturings, while some of her vocal efforts were painful to listen to. Even in the matter of appearance she fell far short of realizing our ideal of the glorious Queen of Sparta, no attempt at anything authentic in the way of Greek costume being essayed. Her impersonation suggested a modern "vamp" rather than a characterization of the great queen whose marvelous beauty ensnared all men even while her indifference infuriated them. Taken all in all, a most disappointing impersonation.

As to the other members of the cast, Frau Angerer and Herr Gunnar Graarud, pleasant enough individuals in spite of their ferocious-sounding names, acquitted themselves most creditably as Aithra and Menelaus, no easy rôles you may be sure, though Frau Angerer was confusingly like Mme. Jeritza both as to looks and (at first) costume.

The genius of Richard Strauss does not, unfortunately, extend to his conducting. This fact was impressed on us as far back as the year 1914, when we heard this distinguished composer direct the first performances of "Joseph's Legend" in London. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted this same score shortly after, so far excelling the eminent musician in the reading of his own work that it was generally remarked on at that time.

It is pretty much the same case in regard to "Die ägyptische Helena," the composer's conducting of his own work here in Vienna being much inferior to that of Fritz Busch in Dresden. The orchestra sounded blatantly loud, without depth, and at times somewhat erratic, whereas Mr. Busch had his men well under control and, notwithstanding the mighty sweep of his orchestra, never once drowned out his singers. This may be partly due to the fact that the orchestra pit here is very little lower than the parquet, while that of the Dresden opera house is sunk far below the level of the auditorium, which naturally makes for a better blending of tone-colors.

The mise en scène, while lavish to a degree, suggested scenes in a revue rather than a serious opera. The first-act setting was particularly fussy and ineffective. Steps, grottoes, arches, curtains, and little hanging lamps cluttered up the stage and distracted from the business in hand. The storm, so very effective in Dresden, was not at all so here, while the scene of Helena's awakening had none of the subtle delicacy that made it so effective in the original production.

Let us hope that, as long as we are to be deprived of seeing the exquisite Helena of Elisabeth Rethberg at the Metropolitan this coming season, the management of that august institution will at least follow the scenic tradition laid down by the Staatsoper of Dresden instead of that of Vienna.

The reception accorded here to composer, producers, and artists was enthusiastic in the extreme, both Mme. Jeritza and Mr. Strauss receiving ovations from a wildly applauding audience, the majority of whom, not having seen the Dresden production, had no disquieting recollections to disturb their complete enjoyment.

"Die ägyptische Helena," having now been most successfully introduced to the good people of Dresden and Vienna, will make her bow to the New York public early in November. The opera being such as it is, the success or failure in that city will depend entirely upon the manner of its production. Dresden gave a superlatively good presentation. Let New York look to its laurels!



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# The Movies

*By* A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

### "The Red Dance"

THERE'S a two-fistedness about everything Raoul Walsh does which is agreeably in evidence in nearly every foot of "The Red Dance," his newest picture. Dolores del Rio is featured, and with her appear Charles Farrell and Ivan Linow. It's another Russian story and introduces the Tsar, the Tsarina, and their children, and Rasputin and Trotsky, all of whom are portrayed with satisfying realism.

Miss del Rio's performance as a peasant young lady of radical leanings is somewhat conventional, but, even so, it's sufficiently convincing. Charles Farrell has a far better part than any which has recently fallen to him, and he plays it aggressively and intelligently, giving us all, for the moment, a glimpse of his undoubted ability to hit the ball if they'll only pitch to him.

The acting honors of the piece must go, however, to Ivan Linow. This ursine Slav is strongly reminiscent, in personal appearance, of that talented Thespian, Gunboat Smith, but there the resemblance ceases; for Gunboat, while he used to pack one of the wickedest right crosses in the heavyweight division, has never achieved the complete screen presence, and Linow has this commodity in gross lots. He seems to have everything necessary to become one of the leading character men of the screen (if he can learn to talk, the question will be beyond conjecture) and, as directed by Raoul Walsh, he puts across some he-man stuff in "The Red Dance" which makes our own Mr. McLaglen look like a water-lily.

The plot of "The Red Dance" is something we'd rather not go into. We recommend the picture, in spite of it, and, more particularly, in spite of some of the subtitles, as something you should see for the punch and variety in it.

### A Few Moments with G. B. S.

THE Movietone program which preceded the New York première of "The Red Dance" includes the much-heralded appearance of George Bernard Shaw in a fifteen-minute sketch which could have been (but wasn't) entitled "The First Person, Singular."

In our admiration for Mr. Shaw's writings we give ground to none. In our estimate of him as an actor let's be very guarded, and say we've seen better. On

second thought, let's not be so all-fired guarded—let's come right out and say what we think, which is that Mr. Shaw, in his effort to amuse the kiddies, makes an amiable old zany of himself.

This stricture, let it be understood, is passed only on the subject-matter of the celebrity's chat and his manner of delivering it. The part played by the Movietone is impressive, for Mr. Shaw is screened and recorded with startling veracity. See it.

### "The Cossacks"

IT'S getting so that if a movie reporter can avoid telling his clients about more than one Russian picture a week, or more than one crook picture, he, or she (and they), are lucky. Russia may have been crowded off the front page by happenings of superior interest in other parts of the globe, but she is getting a positive stranglehold on the screen. You can walk into almost any celluloid cathedral in the country these days and be greeted by a bristling mass of assorted whiskers. They show them in the evening—they show them in the afternoon. There's not even a way to come early and avoid the Russ.

"The Cossacks," with John Gilbert, suffers by comparison with other Russian pictures, including "Love," the last film in which we saw Mr. Gilbert. In the first place, the photography in "The Cossacks" is terribly bad and the scenery is partly phony. In the second place, Mr. Gilbert is not awfully well suited to his rôle; and, in the third, and last, place, Greta Garbo isn't in it. Ernest Torrence is, however, and he does what he can—which is always considerable; Renée Adorée is in it, too, pitching hay and feeding the pigs, as is her wont. There's also a young man named Nils Asther, who plays a visiting aristocrat from Moscow; he is the possessor of an unusual sort of face, with a play of expression which keeps one watching him regardless of the presence on the screen of parties considerably more famous.

A band of Cossacks, who are said to be the real thing, help this rather so-so picture no little, with a great deal of hard riding and sensational dismounting.

### "The Magnificent Flirt"

HARRY (or, as he now writes it, H. d'Abbadie) d'Arrast holds a third interest in the sophisticated-comedy monopoly in Hollywood, the other monopolists being Malcolm St. Clair and, of course, Ernst Lubitsch.

These three men take a shrug or a lifted eyebrow and get more significance into it and out of it than many directors can do with a lengthy subtitle.

"The Magnificent Flirt," directed by Mr. d'Arrast, stars Florence Vidor and is packed with hearty chuckles and piquant developments. No screen actress is better qualified to assist in this sort of fun than is Miss Vidor, whose beauty and intelligence are both of a very high order. Albert Conti, who plays opposite the star, is reputed to have been driving a laundry wagon in Hollywood when he was discovered by Erich von Stroheim. He is an adroit, capable comedian, perspicacious and restrained. The picture, as a whole, is one you couldn't go wrong on; the reason we don't see more of its kind is that they are so far above the capabilities of the Hollywood majority.

### Movies for Children

THE registrar of a Kansas educational institution asks us to suggest a list of pictures made especially for the juvenile trade. Our answer to her is, regretfully, that there are none. "Snow White," of which she makes mention, was the last film of this type ever made, as far as we know.

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Reginald Denny, and Charlie Chaplin—these artists may always be relied upon. The Christie Comedies are invariably clean; "Felix," "Our Gang," and many other short subjects are dependable, and—of course—there is always the invaluable newsreel.



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*By* W. R. BROOKS

ALTHOUGH no parent, we believe we do appreciate the value of such a Toy Advisory Service as Macy's has recently established—from the point of view of one whose gifts have been smashed, sneered at, or ignored by small wriggling relatives whom we have thus attempted to placate. Intelligent selection of toys, of course, is more important than intelligent selection of gifts for grown-ups, simply because the toy has educational value, which the carpet slippers you give to Uncle Horace don't possess. Unless you count the increase in your own vocabulary from listening to what Uncle Horace says about them. And toys should be not only suitable to the child's age, they should be selected to conform to his varying interests.

The "Play in Education Exhibit" held recently at this store showed toys grouped according to the ages of the children for whom they are intended—one to three, three to four, four to six, six to eight and over. Within each of these groups are four subdivisions—toys for physical exercise and outdoor play, for the imitation of grown-up activities, for construction and creation, and for socialization—that is, games which are played with other children.

As an example of the grouping of toys according to their uses, in the second age group, from three to four years, the following are listed: For physical exercise and outdoor play: slide, sand-box, velocipedes, roller skates, doorway gymnasium, sand toys, wheelbarrow, truck, football. For imitation of grown-ups: doll and carriage, washing, ironing, and cooking sets, doll accessories, animals to ride upon, doll furniture. For construction and creation: blackboard, chalk, modeling clay, paste, scissors, large crayons, blocks, beads, peg-board, strip puzzles. No games are listed for socialization in this group, but stories, nursery rhymes and songs, and picture books are recommended.

That a right selection of toys will solve many of the parents' educational and disciplinary problems is now generally accepted. And if after a short time the child loses interest in the toys you give him, it is not his fault; it is the fault of the toys. He may have too many of one kind, and you need to vary them so that he won't develop one-sidedly.

One of the interesting new playthings at the exhibit was a construction set for a child of a year and a half. It is a peg-board, with pegs big enough so that the child can grasp them easily and fit them into whatever hole he wishes. Then there is a new posture chair, designed for the various age groups—a chair that really fits the child as comfortably as his clothes do. And there is a set of large hollow blocks for outdoor use. These are light enough to be lifted easily and heavy enough to develop the muscles of the lifter.

FOR the kitchen there are food covers ten, twelve, and fourteen inches in diameter—made of transparent fiber glass, the edges bound with aluminum.

Also a clothes-wringer which is adjustable in several ways and can be attached to a small pail.

WE told you a few weeks ago about a slot machine for selling cigarettes which says "Thank you" when it delivers the goods, and you have probably seen other self-service machines, from the kind that sells stamps to the kind that shines your shoes. But a new one to us is the hair-curling machine. Put a coin in the slot, and the electric current is automatically turned on in the curling iron, and the customer curls her own hair before the mirror which is a part of the machine.

WHEN you store your golf clubs away in the fall, there is a press into which they can be strapped. This will prevent their warping. For golfers also is a contrivance for practicing driving in a small back yard. The ball circles about a stake driven into the ground. Attached to it is a device which registers the probable length of the drive. Then there is a ball marker which won't cut or tear the surface of the ball—a rubber stamp which is used with a special permanent ink. And there are several varieties of holders for the little wooden tees. One of these fastens to the belt, and when one tee is slipped out another falls into place, ready for use on your next drive. Another is a combination tee holder and garter. The tees are arranged in it like cartridges in a belt.

A WAY of sending flowers which was new to us, although it may not be new to you, was brought to our attention the other day on the occasion of the sailing of a friend for Europe. It is very practical for any occasion when large quantities of flowers are received and sufficient receptacles for them are not available. These flowers are shipped ready arranged in a vase, or in a basket containing a reservoir for water. They look much better when they are taken out of the box, don't have to be arranged, and nobody has to hustle around and find a vase to put them in. One florist sends out a book containing colored illustrations of various arrangements of flowers for different occasions.



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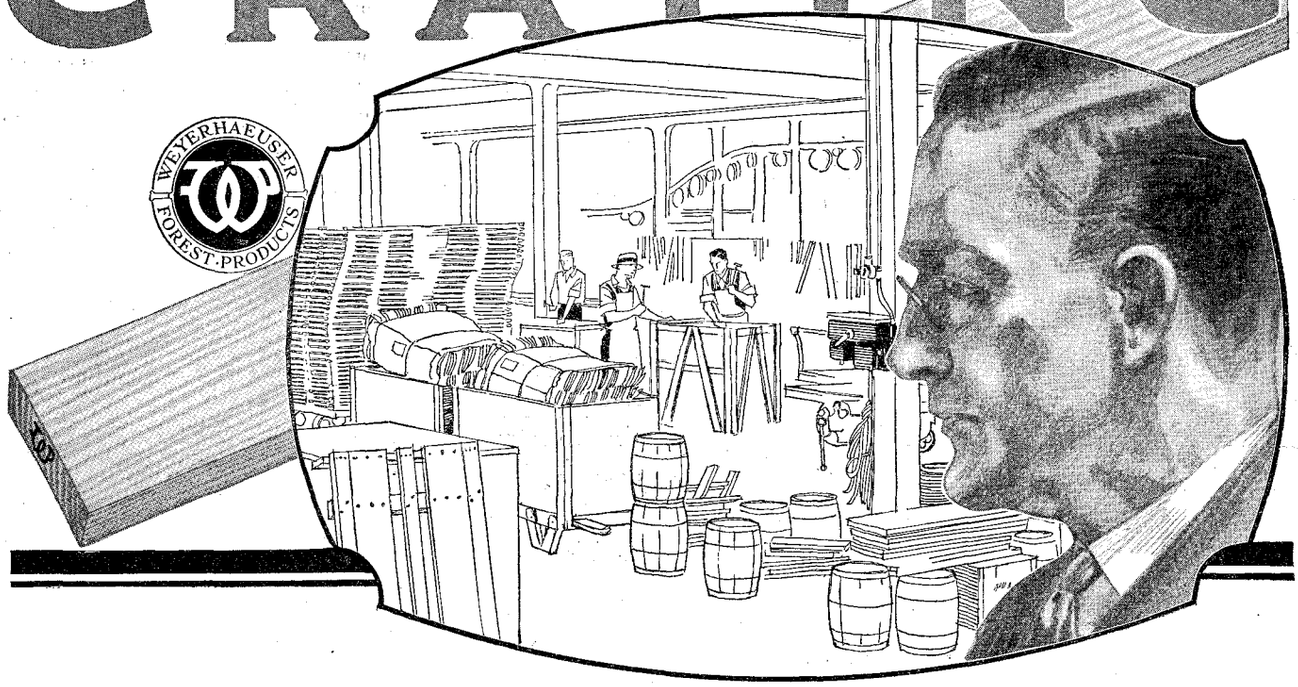


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# Mergers and Injunctions

*By* THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE dissolution of the injunction obtained in New York City to restrain the proposed merger of the Chrysler Motor Car Corporation with Dodge Brothers, Inc., settled, for the time being at least, one of the most interesting and most important controversies that has arisen recently in the financial field. The combination was the largest ever projected in the industry.

A holder of Dodge preference stock secured the injunction and asked that it be made permanent, on the ground that the merger constituted a dissolution of the company and that, consequently, he was entitled to the $105 a share fixed by the company's charter in the event of the liquidation of its assets. To prove that he would be injured if the plan went through he pointed out that he was asked to exchange a security which had paid dividends since the time it was issued at the rate of $7 a year for a share of Chrysler common stock, on which the annual dividend rate was only $3.

Lawyers for Dodge Brothers argued that the proposed transaction did not constitute a liquidation of assets. On the broader grounds of sound business policy, they contended that the preference stockholders were offered a good swap and that the injunction would injure the interests of the large majority of all classes of stockholders who favored the plan.

Since the definition of what constitutes a liquidation is a moot legal point, it is quite probable that Supreme Court Justice Mullan, who dissolved the injunction, was strongly influenced by the latter contentions. If he had written an opinion, it would have made interesting reading. At any rate, it is almost certain that his decision will be quoted as a precedent whenever litigation over a similar question recurs.

This was the situation on the eve of the merger negotiations. Dodge Brothers had been losing ground in the automobile field. Its earnings had been shrinking and the dividend on the preference stock was apparently in danger. The market certainly thought so. During the week before the terms of the proposed combination were announced the stock was selling at about $70. The average price for preferred stock on which the payment of future dividends appeared reasonably certain was at least $110.

None too optimistic about the prospects of the Dodge company as a separate unit, its directors welcomed the chance to ally it with the Chrysler Motor Car Corporation, which had an amazingly successful record. Twenty-seventh in the motor industry in 1924, it had reached third place in 1927. The union of the two promised more economical and efficient operation as well as auxiliary selling and manufacturing facilities which neither alone could afford. The terms agreed upon by the directors of the two companies called for the exchange of one share of Chrysler for each ten shares of Dodge B, for each five shares of A, and for each single share of preference stock.

The relationship of the prices of the Chrysler and the Dodge A shares (the B shares were not on the market) in the week before the announcement of the terms was approximately the same as the exchange basis. Until the very day of the announcement, however, Chrysler was selling well above Dodge preference stock. The former was ranging between $77 and $81 and the latter between $69 and $71. Preference shareholders, the directors maintained, were offered the chance to exchange their securities for ones that the market considered to be worth almost ten per cent more.

According to the terms of the Dodge charter, only the B shares, all controlled by the company's bankers, had voting privileges. But the directors asked for the approval of the preference and A stockholders. Walter P. Chrysler, President of the Chrysler Corporation, moreover, had no intention of jamming the merger through if there was any substantial objection. He reserved the right to nullify the union unless it received the support of ninety per cent of both classes of non-voting Dodge stockholders.

Because of the country-wide distribution of the securities it was extremely difficult to reach these stockholders and persuade them to approve or disapprove. But more than eighty per cent of the preference and seventy per cent of the A stockholders had voted for the plan at the time the injunction was obtained. Because of this evidence of the popularity of the merger, and leaving aside all



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consideration of its intrinsic merits, it seems fortunate that Judge Mullan gave the decision he did. If he had continued the injunction, no appeal would have been possible until the autumn, when the positions of both companies might have changed greatly. It would have meant the breaking up of the whole plan and the denial of the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the owners of Dodge Brothers.

This legal dispute has emphasized one striking feature of the merger, namely, the eagerness of the bankers to obtain approval of the plan from a much larger group of security-holders than the law requires. The capitalization of Dodge Brothers was very influential in bringing public opposition to non-voting stock to a head. It seems now as if the disfranchisement of the preference and A stockholders was a happy incident. The centralization of power in this company was not abused, but the existence of the possibility of abuse created a sentiment that has made such centralization in recently organized companies almost impossible.

On the very day that Judge Mullan dissolved the injunction the directors of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, one of the oldest units in the industry, announced their approval of a plan to give the Studebaker Corporation control of their company. Perhaps because of the Dodge-Chrysler legal difficulties, the Pierce-Arrow-Studebaker merger was laid out on an entirely different plan. The Studebaker Corporation is to retain its present capital structure and invest $2,000,000 in Pierce-Arrow junior securities, obtaining therefor a majority of the voting stock.

Some one may enjoin this plan, too, but the interests controlling Pierce-Arrow are going to follow the example of the Dodge directors and try to obtain the approval of much more than the required majority of stockholders, so that, if they have to defend their project in court, they will have as much moral support as possible.

In recommending the plan to the stockholders, Myron E. Forbes, President of Pierce-Arrow, gave a frank explanation of the company's position which was, implicitly, a prophecy of many more similar amalgamations.

"It is a grave question in the minds of the directors," he said, "whether the isolated automobile unit can compete successfully in the long run with companies like General Motors, Studebaker, Chrysler, and others, whose volume of production, diversification, and dealer organization give them a stability, buying power, and financial resources far beyond those which can be commanded by a company having only limited production."

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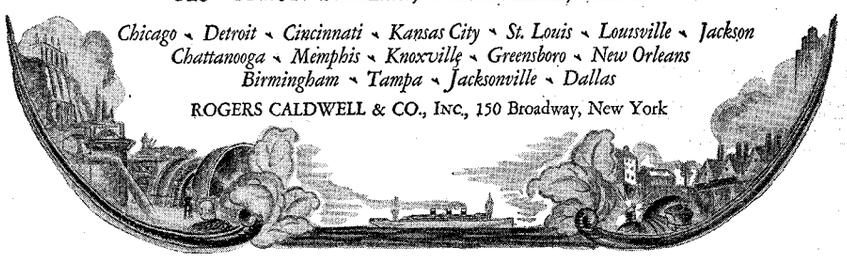

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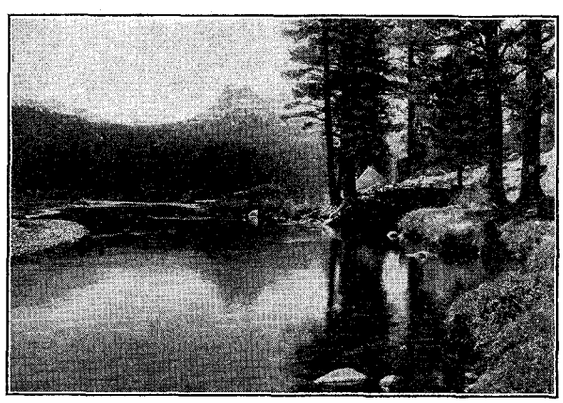

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# The Little Crooked Woman

## A Tale for Children

*By* HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

SURROUNDED by the realistic ugliness of a Colorado mining camp, the young Boyles were held close within their family circle for entertainment. Around the lamp of evenings, Mother read aloud and Father drew pictures of the four children.

But, their imaginations not content, after they were tucked into bed Frances and Jim told each other stories in the dark, satisfying cravings for romance with fantastic characters—pirates and knights, a race of "Tinies" who lived under the bed, and Frances's special contribution, "The Little Crooked Woman."

### The Little Crooked Woman

A Story for Small Children Invented by a Small Girl

As remembered by Miss Frances Boyle

ONCE there was a queer little crooked woman who had a queer little dog by the queer little name of Checkers.

The queer little woman and her queer little dog lived by their queer little lones in a queer little crooked house, with a queer little crooked fence all around and a queer little crooked river in front. And they were very, very poor.

One day the Little Crooked Woman looked into her little crooked cupboard.

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
I fear we are starving,
My little dog-gee!"

said she.

But Checkers did not want to starve. So he ran out into the back yard to dig for a bone. He dug and he dug and he dug, first with his front paws, and then with his nose. Still he found no bone. But he went on digging and digging and digging.

After a while the Little Crooked Woman went to the door.

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
Where is Checkers,
My little dog-gee?"

said she.

She looked here, and she looked there. She looked under the back porch. But

she could not find Checkers. Then out by the back fence she saw a pile of dirt. Beside the dirt was a hole. But she could not see Checkers.

The Little Crooked Woman looked down the hole. But it was deep and dark.

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
Did you dig this,
My little dog-gee?"

cried she.

Then the Little Crooked Woman heard a noise down the hole.

"Ki yi, ki yi!" said the noise. It was Checkers!

"Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
I fear I can't reach you,
My little dog-gee!"

cried the Little Crooked Woman.

She reached her arm down the deep dark hole, but she could not touch Checkers.

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" whined Checkers. The Little Crooked Woman almost cried.

"My, oh, goodness! Goodness me!
I'll come too,
My little dog-gee!"

cried she.

And down went the Little Crooked Woman into the hole, first one foot, then the other. She touched something soft. The Something moved.

"Yip!" said the Something. It was Checkers.

"Oh, my goodness! Goodness me!
I've stepped on Checkers,
My little dog-gee!"

cried the Little Crooked Woman. But Checkers had run on ahead.

So she went deeper and deeper and the hole grew larger and larger until at last she could stand up.

"Land-a-mercy! Mercy me!
Come back, Checkers,
My little dog-gee!"

cried the Little Crooked Woman.

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" whined Checkers, but he did not come back. So the Little Crooked Woman went on and on until she came to a dark passage.

"Me, oh, mercy! Mercy me!
You didn't dig this,
My little dog-gee!"

cried she.

Then Checkers stopped so suddenly that the Little Crooked Woman stepped on him again. She put out her foot. They were on a stairway. So the Little Crooked Woman picked up Checkers in one arm and with the other she felt along the dark wall.

Step by step she went down, until she saw something shining. And when she reached the bottom, there she was in a cave full of sunlight. Then Checkers jumped from her arms and ran to an old box in a corner.

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" he whined, sniffing all around the box. So the Little Crooked Woman lifted the top, and there lay a pile of gold pieces. The pieces were so old that they all stuck together. It was a Robber's Cave!

"Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m! Um-m-m-m-m!" whined Checkers, running to the door. So the Little Crooked Woman followed him and pushed aside the thick bushes growing there. And what do you think she saw down below? Her own little crooked house, with the little crooked fence all around and the little crooked river in front!

"Lands-a-goodness! Goodness me!
My own little crooked
Home I see!"

cried she.

So she went back to the box and tied up a good pile of gold pieces in the corner of her apron. Then the queer little Crooked Woman and her queer little crooked dog went home to their queer little crooked house. And all the rest of their queer little crooked lives they never starved again. So—

Me, oh, my! My, oh, me!
This is the end
Of my little stor-ee!

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## School and the Very Young Child

(Continued from page 420)

and it must be of a kind that satisfies the child's impulses. The art of education consists chiefly in creating such an environment, mental and physical, that the child's activity impulses, both general and specific, are satisfied in ways that are not harmful to others and that further his own development. This is the best cure for quarrelsomeness as well as for other undesirable impulses. A certain amount of quarreling is wholesome and natural; the only thing to be avoided is the sort that involves risk of bodily injury. All the furies of youth are caused by a sense of impotence, and when children can be prevented from feeling impotent they will also be prevented from feeling dangerous rages. I am somewhat skeptical of the wisdom of inculcating social sense in children. In early years it is not natural to them, and later on it ought to arise spontaneously. In old-fashioned education it arose as resistance to authority, and I am not sure but what this is really the wholesomest way of generating it. People are only too much inclined in later life to respect authority, and there is much to be said for beginning social co-operation in an attitude of rebellion. What I do think desirable, however, is that whatever contest may arise between children and the authorities should be of a good-natured sort on both sides, and should be conducted more or less in the spirit of a game.

There is one thing which all who have to deal with children should remember, and that is: never let children think that they can annoy you, for this gives a gratification to their love of power which is of a thoroughly undesirable kind. Exercise as little authority as you can, but when you must exercise it, do so calmly and inexorably. Do not use moral ideas in dealing with children; create good habits, but not by means of ethical precepts. Children seldom understand such precepts, and they view them with cynicism as part of grown-up hypocrisy. Those who do not allow children to speak frankly before them have no idea to what an extent this is true. Where you must exert authority, say frankly: "I am stronger than you, and I do not choose that you should do this." This is the only way of preventing the child from regarding you as a humbug. Take such a matter as playing with fire: to a grown-up person it seems obviously undesirable that the house should burn down, but to a child this is by no means obvious. He thinks it would be a glorious blaze, and that having to go elsewhere would be rather an amusing adventure. Therefore if you appeal to him rationally and say, "Do not drop lighted matches in the waste-paper basket, because it may cause the house to burn down," you waste your breath. The very argument you use makes him more inclined than before to do what you have forbidden. Nor is it desirable, except with very young children, to keep matches out of their way, for sooner or later, like the Sleeping Beauty, they are sure to come across the forbidden danger with a desire stimulated by prohibition combined with a complete lack of experience. The only safe way in all such matters is to allow the activity which might be dangerous, but under controlled conditions. Let them make bonfires out of doors, and become interested in the kind of skill required for the purpose. With a little skill dangerous activities can be made more agreeable under controlled conditions than under those which involve undue risk.

I do not believe it is possible to conduct a school without any discipline at all. Some reformers maintain that this is possible, but when one inquires into their practice, one almost always finds that at some point their theories have broken down. Cleanliness, for example, even to the degree that is necessary for health, will never be practiced unless at some period it has been enforced.

I think that cruelty would not arise at all if there had been freedom from the start, but when children accustomed to strict discipline find themselves suddenly in an environment where more freedom is permitted there is bound to be a period in which they work out the bad passions generated by previous repression, and during this period care will be necessary to see that they do not do too much harm. The reformer in education is always at present confronted by the difficulty that in most homes modern methods are not understood or practiced, and this adds greatly to his difficulties. Where the first few years of life have been wisely handled liberty can be almost complete; and when this is possible, it is immensely preferable to discipline. But even where there is the completest freedom the educator still has a very important function in the creation of the right environment—not only the physical environment, but the environment of adults with the right dispositions and the right kind of interests, and, above all, the right kind of affection for children. For without this no degree of science is of any avail.

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# Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

## Three Recent Novels

**"The Road to Heaven," by Thomas Beer.** A. A. Knopf.

**"Georgie May," by Maxwell Bodenheim.** Boni & Liveright.

**"In the Beginning," by Norman Douglas.** The John Day Company.

The most engaging person in spring fiction is Lamon Coe, of Zerbetta, Ohio, who spends a few busy weeks in New York on his Road to Heaven. Lamon is such a grandly typical country boy as Thomas Beer has already shown himself most able in creating. He is honestly interested in nothing but news from home, really happy only with relatives and people from home, and so set on getting home that he finally does get there—Christian, headed for the Celestial City and making his way there in spite of every Apollyon.

When "The Road to Heaven" opens, Lamon is stranded in New Haven, which he has reached after leaving home because of a quarrel with his father, which sends him knocking about from Hollywood to Boston and from prize-fighting and movie-acting to clerking and bumming. In New Haven he acquires money enough to make feasible a visit to his New York relatives by helping to put a very rich and very drunken student to bed. He begs a ride to town on a truck, and his entrance into New York epitomizes his attitude toward that city and its inhabitants. He runs directly into a bloody and horrifying accident and, while the citizenry gapes and agonizes, he trots off, without excitement and without emotion, and boards a bus, where he meets the girl from home and forgets the ruthless city in a nice chat about home folks. In New York Lamon plunges into the amusing rich-bohemian life which centers around his cousin Abner, book dealer and indulgent collector of young talents. He meets Frankie from Lima, whose love of silk has made her what she is today, and immediately supplants Costello Ryan as her lover. This is all he does to further the action of the melodramatic story of Frankie and Ryan (not Johnny), which is loosely set into the middle of the book and which is, in a subtle way, the heart of its conflict action. For Lamon pursues his violent love affair with startling detachment, forgets it whenever there is a chance to see the girl from home or even to gossip with any one about Cousin This and Uncle That; and he scarcely notices the picturesque tragedy—Frankie's murder and Ryan's suicide—which closes the melodrama, because it coincides in time with the death of Abner, his *cousin*. That ends the New York detour on Lamon's road to heaven and home. He follows the country girl back to Zerbetta, marries her, and finds his father ready to kiss and make up.

"The Road to Heaven" is abundantly supplied with excellent character sketches. To list them would be to name every character in the book: Abner's dead wife's father, who appears on one page; Hector Boscommon, who "told a story to a fool" and could not untell it afterwards; Abner's diverting friends, even his Filipino servants—these are full-blooded and tangible as many of the elaborately developed characters of other novels.

Thomas Beer is an elegant, a very beau among novelists. His style, if mannered and overburdened with rhetoric, is on the whole an appropriate medium for the expression of his meticulous observation and exquisite taste, for his scorn of moral undress and his appreciation of brave gesture. "The Road to Heaven" is delightful reading, however one takes it. Its principal interest for us lies in Beer's understanding of the country-boy type, its profound single-mindedness. Such a one-track mind is always on the one-track road to its own particular heaven.

Georgie May is a lady who may be honestly if inelegantly described as a slut. She lives according to her taste in the underworld of a Mississippi town in the early nineteen hundreds, frequenting the terrible Rounders corner, where the derelicts and outcasts sit in the long twilight, chumming with Emmy Lou, her only friend, and picking up money where she can. Her story is certainly sordid and not very interesting. But it offers Maxwell Bodenheim opportunity to describe with irony and pity the daily life, the hard-boiled philosophy, and the inherent humanity of her type. He is a poet, and his poetry crops out at unexpected times. And he jumbles poetry, meditation, diatribe, narrative, and author's soliloquy into a strong mixture. He is a passionate defender of the underdog, a scorner of respectability and orderliness. But his attitude of ironic aloofness destroys the poignant tragedy of his story. One feels that a great deal of power and an interesting talent have been wasted on an unimportant theme. That this is the result of the method used is obvious enough when one considers other and great novels based on the tragedies of prostitutes.

Judging from the number of copies of "In the Beginning" which one sees about on trains and buses, the flapper sophisticates as whose *vade mecum* "South

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

**New York—Brentano's;**
**Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;**
**Cleveland—Korner & Wood;**
**St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;**
**Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;**
**Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;**
**San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;**
**Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;**
**Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;**
**Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;**
**Los Angeles—Bullock's;**
**Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;**
**Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.**

### Fiction

**"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni.** Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

**"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons.** Further exploits of detective Philo Vance.

**"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co.** You will find this story of an international marriage capably written, and lit by flashes of wit and understanding. See June 27.

**"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company.** This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed June 20.

**"The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper & Brothers.** This insistently harrowing story of an hysterical French girl is interesting particularly because it brings to the general reader's attention a new talent in French letters. Reviewed May 30.

### Non-Fiction

**"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.** Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed last week.

**"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co.** You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

**"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright.** To be reviewed later by Amos N. Wilder.

**"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright.** This delightful light verse is good summer reading. Reviewed June 6.

**"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Cæsar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.** An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.



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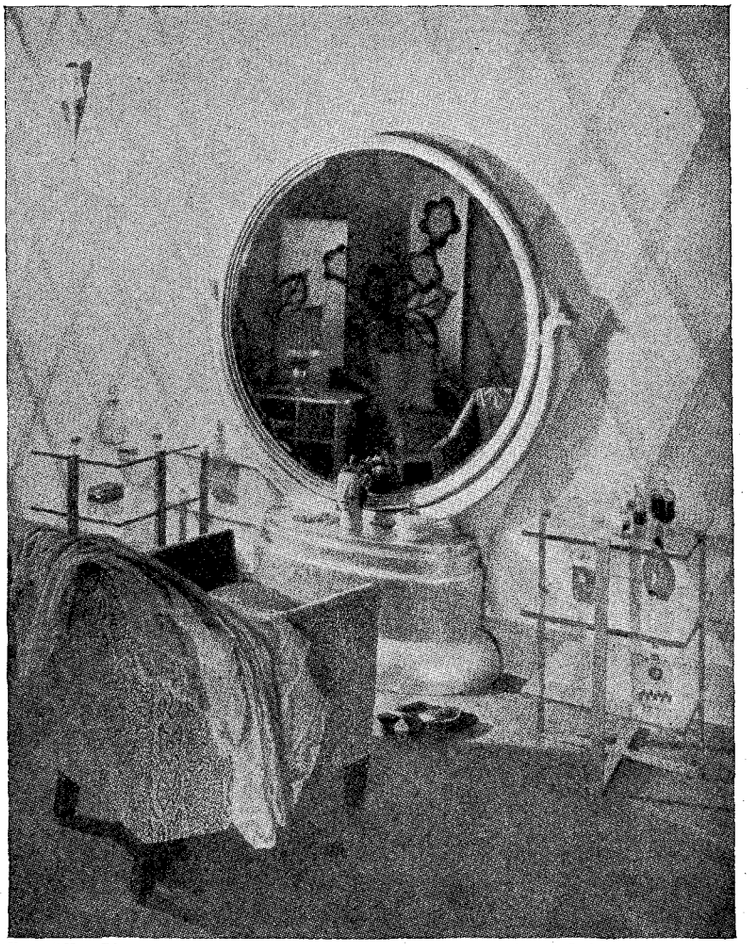
Wind" succeeded "Jurgen," are trying Norman Douglas's new book. One wonders if, having stumbled through the wit and wisdom of "South Wind," they will have acquired the wits themselves to be disappointed in "In the Beginning." They are being written down to. But perhaps the great weight of Norman Douglas's elaborate urbanity will crush them into believing that his book is also great. No narrative trick is older than the one he uses in it. Since Æsop's time, probably even among cave and lake dwellers, the fable has been an apt and easy device to use when a criticism of mankind is intended. And nothing is more amusing or more suggestive of superiority than to translate today into a million years ago and you and me into gods and heroes.

We cannot outline the plot of "In the Beginning" because, having found "South Wind" indefinitely rereadable, we could not get through this one once. And we have had so much admiration for Norman Douglas's good qualities, his gracious style, his descriptive talents, his keen eye, and his pointed malicious wit that we are sorry. "In the Beginning" has to do with the escapades of Linus, a half-god, and is a mixture of Anatole France, Cabell, Erskine, etc. Out of so ill-assorted a medley of influences, not much good can come. The most amusing thing in the book is the position assigned to the satyrs (favorites with Douglas), who are condemned by the gods to sterility for their friendship with mankind. To appreciate the full gusto of that one has to know something about Douglas.

So many good men go wrong in the way that Norman Douglas seems to have done. They become, apparently, terribly afraid of life, and they strike at it with futile darts—barbed, poisoned, beribboned. Lyly, writing "Euphues" in the sixteenth century, made a confession for his hero (and incidentally for himself) which such writers as Douglas, Huxley, Van Vechten, Erskine, may one day make themselves: "I have ever thought so superstitiously of wit that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom."



From "New Dimensions," by Paul T. Frankl, published by Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

**A COMPOSITION IN GLASS AND SILVER**

**The corner of a dressing-room in the modern style, designed by P. T. Frankl**

(*See page 438*)

## Words for Sale

By J. DANA TASKER

**"Trivial Breath," by Elinor Wylie. A. A. Knopf.**

In her third and latest book of poetry Elinor Wylie makes a spectacular display of erudition. From her files of knowledge she has extracted and relisted with sometimes harmonious effect an amazing catalogue of comment on Biblical and mythological subjects; on furniture, clothes, and the soul; on books, authors, the sea, Italy, the country, and love. One misses the Chinese Revolution, polar expeditions, and Harlem; everything else seems to be mentioned in "Trivial Breath." There is such a dense cloud of learning here that, with the exception of six very good lyrics, the meanings of the poems are obscured beyond discovery.

Whatever brought it all about is difficult to say. No explanation could be adequate for so many allusions and so many mere words as are found in this volume. One poem in particular, "Miranda's Supper," eight pages long and culminating (presumably) in a hazy transubstantiation of Miranda's soul, contains enough allusion for an epic of Homeric length. The other poems, after long consultation, yield uncertain meanings. But such interpretations are intangible and laborious beyond reason, confused to a degree of perfection. Let it be plain: this is not the intellectual complexity of a Browning nor the emotional frenzy of a Shelley; it is a mass of heterogeneous knowledge, inarticulate in words and words and words.

Toward the two Biblical poems, "Peter and John" and "The Innocents," one feels more kindly disposed. Miss Wylie, upon descending to utter simplicity in the latter poem, telling of a toy that is being made to quiet the crying of Herod's boy when he lies broken and dying, says:

> I curled the leaf
> To a silver bell
> To echo the grief
> Of Israel.

This is the most memorable thing in the book. Such descriptions as this, done in unpretentious moments, are the occasional merits of the collection.

Undistinguished by subjectivity or originality, generally harmonious and seldom musical, six lyric poems remain. These are essentially good, and not great. Here, as elsewhere, there is an overdose of simile and metaphor; yet, intrinsically, these few poems are worthy. "As I Went Down by Havre de Grace" is fully appreciative of a beautiful landscape, which here is used to create an impressionable and sensitive mood that is probably an unreasoned love of home. "The Puritan's Ballad" of the sailor from Barnegat and "The Coast Guard's Cottage," in catching a certain tragic spirit of the sea, are eloquent of loneliness and longing. "A Strange Story" is a fantasy in the vein of Emily Dickinson, with per-



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haps too comfortable an ending. "Desolation Is a Delicate Thing" and "Confession of Faith" are the two really subjective lyrics of the six. They may be accepted as personal mental experiences, giving a touch of genuineness that a maze of words obscures so securely in the case of the other poems in the book.

## Keyserling Smiles from on High

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

**"Europe," by Count Hermann Keyserling. Translated by Maurice Samuel from the German "Das Spektrum Europas."** Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Take up Count Hermann Keyserling's "Europe" with a smile, for this approach shall number you with the aristocrats, and you're apt to need the even break from the start. An aristocrat himself, this Germano-Balt writes for the aristocrats—of a necessity, perhaps, for never did the aristocracy need so much bolstering up.

The Darmstadt philosopher everywhere comes out with the belief that "all future progress can come only through the idea of aristocracy." He pleads for and with the *grand seigneur*. He writes, in his introduction, that he hopes all "Pharisees, all Philistines, all nitwits, the *bourgeois*, the humorless, the thick-witted, will be deeply, thoroughly hurt," and that he can have nothing to do with those, among others, who are "in deathly earnest" or "unapt for laughter." Farther on, in explaining away the misconception of the *grand seigneur's* "playfulness," he says that the "humor" in question means "the divine laughter of the man who is inwardly superior to all those things which men take, among themselves, with such fearsome seriousness." Let us, then, be aristocrats together, even though the world of today may meanwhile run somewhat to pot.

A precautionary word has been necessary, for without it—such is the nobleman's style—some of us might not be able to tell where the fun leaves off and where the food begins. Remember, too, that Count Hermann's faith in the *grand seigneur* accounts for the frequent footnotes referring to few works other than his own, and for the magnificent assurance with which he sweeps along in this first attempt at psychoanalysis by wholesale lots.

Nations, to begin with, "are more or less favorable means for self-realization." At these the author looks in an endeavor to find out what each "means to itself, to others, and before God." While it is never made clear, it seems logical to assume that Hermann Keyserling holds God's proxy.

The Englishman is "psychological" and "social." He convinces "simply by being." The Frenchman "is wholly and supremely a gardener," by virtue of which rôle the "French are *par excellence* the culture nation of Europe." The Spaniard is a non-European in a desert country, but he is largely gifted in the matter of "bearing," and this entitles him to be known as "ethics become flesh." The Germans, a "feminine people," are the "mirror of the world" and lead in "the matter of intellectuality." The Italians will play but the part of the actor-pagans in the world's "rebirth." The Swiss are living an "intimate tragedy;" the Lowlanders have made a "culture of ugliness;" the Serbs, Bulgarians, and Albanians shall be ignored because they are a "robber" bunch; and the Rumanians really aren't Latins, as they think they are.

Russia does not enter into the European picture, largely because of items leaving her so much like America. We over here do not count because, "in spite of all the elbow-room in the field of materialistic achievement, the individual is simply ceasing to exist." And with Count Keyserling the individual is everything, without which there can be nothing. Centuries and centuries ahead of us lies a bright future. First, however, we must descend into utter darkness, and after that somehow get ourselves reborn. We are young and without œcumenic significance. This philosopher intuits his philosophy, and it hasn't taken him long to intuit us.

No summary, let it be said here, could possibly do justice to "Europe." The statements set down go to show, however, that Count Keyserling at times proceeds naïvely. And then in the last chapter we learn that much has been said in jest, that the philosopher's "first task" was to make all of the nations "as ridiculous" as possible, all in order that the "relativity of their importance" might be set forth. "There ain't no Santa" produces the same sort of thud. Before recovery has set in the noble has sounded his warning note to Europe.

He looks forward to seeing on the "little peninsula of the Asiatic continent," not a new national spirit, but a new European with a "unity of style." The New-Born will "become a higher being than any previous native of our part of the earth—when every nation, as a special and separate entity, will learn to confirm every other nation as the complement to itself within the framework of Europe." Mere "self-preservation" compels this.

The Sage of Darmstadt incidentally rids his system of a great accumulation, be this in the matter of marriage or inter-marriage, eugenics, which he indicates as a consciously accepted rather than unconsciously practiced art, or in such other realms as equity *versus* justice, beauty *versus* ugliness, and in the decadent business of love-making. When off on these tangents, he is often at his best.

Here, then, certainly is the work of an exceedingly erudite, well-read, and much-traveled person. Despite the ponderous appearance of the book, its long para-

## The Movies

*(See page 427)*

**"Abie's Irish Rose."**—Just like the play. It's a system.
**"Across to Singapore."**—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
**"The Big City."**—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
**"The Big Noise."**—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
**"Burning Daylight."**—Won't set fire to anything.
**"The Chaser."**—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
**"Chicago."**—Just like the play—this is praise.
**"The Circus."**—If you don't like Chaplin, you're the funny one.
**"The Crowd."**—A sad story, beautifully directed.
**"Dawn."**—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
**"Doomsday."**—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
**"Dressed to Kill."**—The ace of the crook plays.
**"The Drag Net."**—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
**"Drums of Love."**—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
**"The End of St. Petersburg."**—Startlingly fine Russian production.
**"Fazil."**—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
**"Four Sons."**—It's a fine film, but too long.
**"Fools for Luck."**—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
**"The Gaucho."**—*No one is perfect*—not even Douglas Fairbanks.
**"Glorious Betsy."**—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
**"Hangman's House."**—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
**"The Jazz Singer."**—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
**"Kentucky Courage."**—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
**"The Last Command."**—The great Jannings. See it.
**"The Last Moment."**—Good photography, but little else.
**"The Legion of the Condemned."**—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
**"Love."**—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
**"A Night of Mystery."**—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
**"The Man Who Laughs."**—An impressive, entertaining picture.
**"Mother Machree."**—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
**"The News Parade."**—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
**"The Noose."**—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
**"Partners in Crime."**—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
**"The Patsy."**—King Vidor directs Marion Davies, to the credit of neither.
**"Ramona."**—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
**"Red Hair."**—Clara Bow in her *big disrobing act.*
**"Sadie Thompson."**—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
**"The Secret Hour."**—Pola Negri in a good picture.
**"Shooting Stars."**—Don't bother.
**"Simba."**—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
**"Skyscraper."**—Thoroughly enjoyable.
**"The Smart Set."**—William Haines at his worst.
**"Something Always Happens."**—An amusing little *thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.*
**"Speedy."**—You can't go wrong on Harold Lloyd.
**"Stand and Deliver."**—Rod La Rocque in one of those things.
**"Steamboat Bill, Jr."**—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
**"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."**—Out of the ordinary.
**"Street Angel."**—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
**"The Street of Sin."**—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
**"Sunrise."**—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
**"Tempest."**—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
**"Tenderloin."**—The first (and worst) talking movie.
**"Three Sinners."**—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
**"The Trail of '98."**—The grandest scenes now on view.
**"The Triumph of The Rat."**—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
**"Two Lovers."**—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
**"We Americans."**—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.
**"Wings."**—The great epic of the war-birds.



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graphs, and its simple, unattractive chapter titles, the reading will be easy and interesting for the "aristocrat"—who need not necessarily understand the wilder flights of free fancy. Each chapter standing as an entity, there is no tendency for the reader to gobble. Reading provokes a host of thoughts, therefore Count Keyserling must be reckoned as eminently successful. The price of the volume should not be considered exorbitant, for psychoanalytical charts of a mere person today sell for a ten-cent piece, and here is a chart for almost all the peoples of an entire planet.

## Straight from the Shoulder

**"The Other Side," by Struthers Burt.** Charles Scribner's Sons.

If there is a society for the promotion of Franco-American understanding, it should reprint and circulate the paper on France, "Gallic Calm," in this book. It is the only short, wholly sound estimate and appreciation of the French which we have ever read. It undermines popular fallacies, flattering and otherwise, about France and builds a fine groundwork for a structure of real understanding. It is the best of a group of papers on the other sides of many much-discussed questions. Several of the papers might have been grouped under the general title of "Hokum," for in them Mr. Burt attacks with sharp wit the two groups most given to hokum: those who believe that life is what the movies and the tabloid magazines say it is, and those who believe that it is what the sophistico-pornigraphico-futilitarians say it is. In these papers Mr. Burt is spokesman for the gently bred man and woman, of all people the least given to hokum. One highly diverting paper on the present violent English hatred of America has brought down the Lion's paw on the author's head already, but any careful reader will see that it is actually the criticism of a friend, lively but affectionate. Mr. Burt is not at his best as a writer in these papers, which suffer a little from hurry, repetition, and combativeness, so that at times one feels that a more detached attitude would have been of more service to the excellent causes espoused. But the foreword, which should be read, explains some of these things. And, furthermore, the aloof ironic attitude is a little overdone these days, and the way of the temperate non-partisan writer is beset with dangers which no one who feels as strongly and writes as vigorously as Struthers Burt will ever have to meet. We have promised not to recommend books, but—

F. C. L. R.


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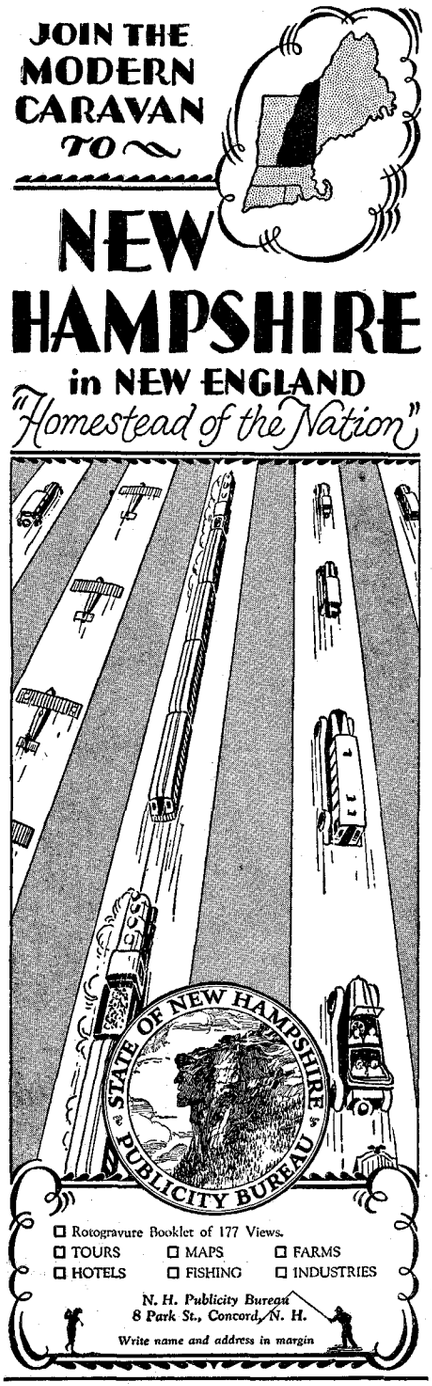


## Our Own Theatre List

(*See page 425*)

**"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.**—Comedy, tragedy; *youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes* and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

**"Trial of Mary Dugan," Sam H. Harris.**—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

**"The Silent House," Shubert.**—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

**"Strange Interlude," John Golden.**—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynn Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.

**"The Happy Husband," Empire.**—Billie Burke in a gently amusing drawing-room comedy.

**"Porgy," Republic.**—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

**"The Royal Family," Selwyn.**—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

**"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.**—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.

**"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.**—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

**"Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.**—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

**"Present Arms," Lew Fields.**—A very entertaining summer musical show.

# Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Paul T. Frankl's
New Dimensions
Payson & Clarke

We have a lot of admiration for the work which Mr. Frankl has done. But we disagree emphatically with a great deal of the reasoning by which he justifies it. Almost invariably when an artist begins to define his creed, begins to dogmatize, he gets into difficulties. In the process of rationalization most of the truth drops out.

For example: we don't believe that the word "sentimental" applies to all the art and decoration of the past, we don't believe that simplicity is the keynote of modernism, or that all Victorian draperies, little as we like them, were dingy. We don't expect an innovator to be fair to the past; if he is, he won't be much good. Yet he must be logical to carry any conviction; and to stigmatize everything you dislike as sentimental—to give an obvious example—is decidedly illogical. And we don't believe that any artist or decorator can self-consciously label himself "modern," *tout court*, and justify it on other than commercial grounds.

When he considers specific problems and leaves the spirit of the age aside, Mr. Frankl is much more convincing. There is profit for anybody—artist, decorator, or home builder—in these chapters on fabrics, furniture, lighting fixtures, and so on, and in the many fine and interesting illustrations. Perhaps the chapter on "Practical Considerations of Art in Business" has a faintly inartistic taint of commercialism. But we let that pass. There is a blend in process of consummation between the artist and the business man, according to Mr. Frankl.

For us, the illustrations were the most interesting part of the book. They show actually what is being done, and they are well selected—although a number of them seem to us to contradict flatly the laws of modern decoration which the author has laid down.

William Gerhardi's
Eva's Apples
Duffield

Ever since "The Polyglots" we have looked forward with interest to each succeeding book of Mr. Gerhardi's, and each time have been disappointed. "Eva's Apples" has disappointed us. It is written brilliantly and carelessly, it contains pages that we wouldn't have missed for anything, and chapters that bored us heavily. There is a hero who seduces two maidens at once on a mountain-top, and Lord Ottercove—who the author says is Lord Beaverbrook—an eccentric newspaper magnate, and Lord de Jones, a mad scientist who destroys all of the world but a hill-top on which a few of the characters are left at the end of the story. There are Eva and Zita, who haven't a scrap of decency and are perfectly charming, and their mother, who is entirely irresponsible, and many other amusing minor characters. The book is pessimistic, satirical, original, tiresome, and quite mad. Mr. Gerhardi hints on the jacket that he wrote it when he was in love—"because to write a novel when you are not in love is the very devil." But we do wish he'd stay out of love long enough to write one good novel.

A. Radclyffe Dugmore's
African Jungle Life
Macmillan

Here are the life stories of Tembo, the elephant, Simba, the lion, Mbogo, the buffalo, Kifaru, the rhino, and Twiger, the giraffe, thrown into narrative form and told from the point of view of the animals themselves. Major Dugmore has hunted and photographed and studied these animals for years, and if you want to know the sort of life they lead, and the kinds of things they eat, and whom they fight with, and so on, you will find it very pleasantly presented here. Provided that you aren't so literal-minded that it offends you to have them reason things out for themselves as a person similarly situated might do. Major Dugmore, by the way, doesn't believe that there is among animals such a thing as protective coloration. His argument didn't convince us; nevertheless it must carry some weight, since he is an experienced big-game hunter.

Stuart Martin's
The Fifteen Cells
Harpers

All night long the Governor of the prison sat up telling stories of crime to a gentleman who we thought was going to shoot almost any minute, since he had come to force a reprieve for a condemned friend from the Governor at the pistol point. They are very good stories—much better than we could tell with a large pistol trained upon our midriff. There are fourteen of them, one dealing with each of the new prisoners, and they are told with the purpose of showing that every criminal makes a mistake that brings him to justice. The visitor is not convinced by the stories, but the last chapter, which tells what happened in the Governor's office after that gentleman's narrative powers had been exhausted, concludes the series effectively. Told economically and without padding. We enjoyed them.



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## The Return of Sentiment

(*Continued from page 421*)

am thinking, because of a quirk in their natures, denied the permanent aspects which are the same whether tides are out or in. That attitude which neglected feeling was an incomplete attitude. And the fact that it was a reaction against the humorless sentimentality of Ruskin and the bad moments of Tennyson does not really excuse it at all. For it was the uncritical reaction of the young who did not know against the errors of the old who had failed in some particulars to understand. Thought, no matter how piercing, needs to be mitigated by feeling, just as feeling, no matter how genuine, needs to be curbed by thought. Hence it is not strange that in due course we should see the paling of the candles of realism and intellectualism, which for twenty years have shone much too far in a naughty world.

THE new stars fill their urns with light at another fountain. William Butler Yeats, whom we once thought sentimental, is suddenly being felt. He had his posturing side, his Yellow Book side. He suggested flowing ties and a seriousness that did not impress us. But he had emotion tempered with thought. Edwin Arlington Robinson represents the same phenomenon in America. His public has at least beaten a track to his door, because he was not ashamed of emotion and because he had a brain as well as a nervous system.

BUT more striking in this country perhaps than the emergence of Mr. Robinson is the appearance of two novelists every word of whose writings is evidence of the return of saner and more cultivated feeling. They are, of course, Miss Willa Cather and Mr. Thornton Wilder. They are unlike to the extent of differing in sex, mental attitude, and emphasis of interest. Miss Cather is by way of being a pioneer in the return to better things. It would never occur to her to write on a subject which merely offered an opportunity for proving her own cleverness, any more than it would occur to her to exhibit to the world the artless stream of her consciousness. You cannot imagine her exploiting a type, because the essence of fine feeling is to transform types into individuals. And art without fine feeling to her is not art at all. Perfectly simply, without recourse to imaginative pyrotechnics, she evokes in the reader a sentiment and an emotion she herself has felt; quiet, powerful, and authentic, "without o'erflowing, full." Feeling and thought are in complete harmony, and her books as a result achieve that reality which, as was said by them of old time, differs utterly from realism in kind and in degree. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is likely to be a permanent addition to literature, because she has known how to touch a disconnected skeleton of a not intrinsically interesting episode with divine feeling which is the resurrection and the life.

IT would be easy to make a conventional comparison between Miss Cather and Mr. Wilder, but why waste paper? What they have in common is simply this fine commixture of thought and feeling. In training, in interest, in the details that attract them, they differ as complete persons always differ. They prefer to penetrate different spiritual regions. And Mr. Wilder owes nothing to Miss Cather except the admiration which a man of such intelligence must accord her. He himself writes with extraordinary brilliance. But he is better than that. In neither "The Cabala" nor "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" will you find an epigram dragged in because its author thought it beautiful. There is no effect for effect's sake. No figure appears because the scheme of the picture demanded a splash of color. The Marquesa of Montemayor is not a costumed hag against a meretricious [illegible] toric background. She is the Marq[illegible] of Montemayor herself—presented [illegible] a power, a genius, and a sympathy to which if I were to do honor I should do myself yet more.

It may be said that two authors do not make a summer. Some besotted one will probably get after me in the approved Socratic manner by asking me what thought and feeling are. It would be easy to reply that if he doesn't know already, he is never likely to, which would be answering the cheap according to his cheapness. Thought is concerned with reasons, feeling with values. Good reasons are fatal yoked with poor values. Good values are useless with poor thought. America has been cursed for twenty years with a cynicism which was the result of third-rate feeling coupled with a second-rate thought stupid beyond the dreams of imbecility.

BUT the tides are turning. During the next two decades it will not be enough to photograph the lavatories of brothels. I expect that phallic symbol will tinkle less and less. Sexual exhibitionism is in reality uninteresting when compared with great emotions. Neurotic passions never have the conviction of healthy ones. The poster-like caricature which we are told by the blurbs is "strong" characterization, the roaring, noisy, clanking rhetoric of surprise and savage contrast, appear what they really are when confronted with such books as "Death Comes for the Archibishop" or "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." What was painted on the principles of cold theory for *réclame* will hold our interest no more when at length we again see pictures whose colors are mingled with that most permanent of human things, intelligent emotion.



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